THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY OCTOBER 23, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1943. }

TO FRED ALWYN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fred Alwyn, in this mournful time
Of falling leaves and flowers,
I needs must make a plaintive rhyme
About the summer hours;
When in a nook befitting well
That legend wild and eerie,
We read the sorrows that befell
Poor Burns and "Highland Mary."

But first we read the perfect bliss
That blossomed in full splendor—
The lingering clasp—the thrilling kiss—
The whisper low and tender.
How of his poet-love serene
Hope dawned, a glorious morrow;
Till they in all the summer-sheen
Saw not one mist of sorrow!

The lips with making faint good-byes
Grew pale as roses dying,
And out of mournful azure eyes
Each read the wild heart-crying—
But not the bitter, bitter truth,
Of one heart deaf to praises,
The royal wine of one rare youth
Poured down amid the daisies!

Those violets by the Bonny Doon!
Sweet eyes of Highland Mary!
No more to wake when next year's June
Flashed down the muirlands dreary.
Oh, never more the little feet
To press the bloomy heather!
No more, no more the laughter sweet
To rhyme the sunny weather!

For next we read how sadly crossed
His life was with death's paling—
The poet in the mourner lost,
The singing turned to wailing;
When over all the lonesome hills
The hollow winds went crying,
Across her grave in stormy swells
He saw the new snow lying!

Forgetting all his weakness then,
To our hearts he grew dearer!
And for his sake all suffering men
To God's great calm seemed nearer!
The commonest sympathies we have,
Are noble in death's keeping,
And each small grass-blade on her grave
Is holy with his weeping!

E'en as a child of wayward heart,
Kiss'd by some fair twin blossom,
Seeing her, Angel claimed, depart,
Falls on some pitying bosom—
So closer for that thorny cross,
[illegible]
Learned largest gain from heaviest loss
Was his through Mary's dying!

Strange soul! that wept unfeigned tears
For one crushed meadow flower!
E'en while from truth's unclouded spheres
He drew Promethean power,
To lead the nations, wondering
At Freedom's matchless story,
Down the dim ages, like a king
Crowned with unfading glory!

Ah, well-a-day! the thorniest bough
May bear the sweetest flower!
And skies that stoop in blackness now,
May roof the sunniest hour!
The poet is the truest child!
And children being purest,
To God's calm heaven this anguish wild
Led Robert Burns the surest!

Fred Alwyn, if these simple rhymes
Steal through thy lonely hours,
Like breath of that lost summer-time's
Long dead and buried flowers—
Remember, to the poet's breast,
Where childhood fadeth never,
There blooms a June whose roses last
Forever and forever!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

COMING HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," "ONLY," &c.

"And this is home, sweet wife; can you be happy here?"

"Dear Ralph!" was the softly-murmured reply. It might seem scarcely an answer to the question; but it satisfied the interrogator evidently, for he fondly kissed the face which was lifted up to his, and said,—

"Yes, darling; I am persuaded that you are kind enough to feel that where I am there is happiness, or I would not have ventured to bring you to my humble home. It is a dull time of year, unfortunately, and the place does not look so cheerful as it does in its summer dress: but good fires and bright faces will set all that to rights—will it not?"

"Oh, yes, dear; we shall be very comfortable, I hope."

"To be sure, to be sure. Now I will ring for Maria, as the maiden is called, to show you up stairs, and help you undo your traps, while I go to the cellar, and see if I can find a glass of wine to drink our healths in."

He rang the bell, and before it could possibly be answered, he opened the door, and called loudly, which had the effect of causing a neat, clean, but awkward-looking girl to answer his summons.

"There's your mistress," he said, "just see to her."

The girl made way for him to pass out, and dropping a courtesy, inquired of her mistress if she could not do anything for her.

"Show me the way to my room, if you please: and carry up some of these things."

"Yes, ma'am; they ain't very heavy—are they?" she answered, seizing three or four parcels in her brawny arms.

Mrs. Maynard did not appear to think a reply necessary, and the girl did not appear to expect one, for she hurried on up stairs, and throwing open a door, precipitated her load on the first chair, saying,

"That's your room, ma'am; it ain't very big—is it?"

"Large enough, thank you—that will do. If I want you I'll ring."

"Yes, do, ma'am; I shall be sure to hear you—shan't I?" and closing the door with a sharp bang, she departed; and her young mistress stood for a moment as she left her, looking round her room. It appeared to her so much smaller than on the day when she had driven over to see it with Ralph! but still it was very clean and comfortable. A few hardy roses, which still lingered in the garden, were peeping in at the window; and as she passionately loved flowers, they looked to her like a sweet welcome. The furniture was all homely in its character, but so cheerful, so bright, and so clean, that only a very fastidious taste could have objected to it. A small, clear fire burned in the tiny grate, and added much to the air of comfort. The dazzlingly white furniture, and dark, crimson carpet, the small lounging chair drawn near the fire, the hanging book-shelf, filled with neatly-bound books, all bespoke care and thought in the arrangement; and again Alice said, "Dear Ralph!" But still that "coming home" was not quite what she expected: there seemed a weight upon her spirits, and she could not tell why. How many, many brides have felt the same! The long-looked-for day has come and gone; the dress, the very sight of which has made the pulses of the heart beat faster, has been worn and put away; it has all passed—the bustle and excitement, the dreaded parting from home—all is over like a dream; and it is now a quiet reality, a fact, that the spring-time of youth is gone, its light-heartedness, its careless gayety; and life, with its cares and responsibilities, has taken its place—a grave reflection, one which may well shadow the brow of the young wife, and strip of much of its gilding the future, which seemed so bright.

As yet, this wife of a week old knew nothing of the calm, enduring love which time would bring, of the oneness of heart, and thought, and feeling, so far higher and holier in its character than any she had yet known; she only knew that her heart's desire had been to be Ralph Maynard's wife; and now that she had become so, there was a sense of disappointment which she could neither dismiss nor account for. But the sharp, ringing voice on the stairs roused her from her reverie, and she began to undo her boxes, and take off her travelling things; and soon, equipped in a pretty kind of half evening dress, she came down stairs, to find the table laid for that most comfortable meal, after a long journey, a "dinner-tea;" and all the room glowing with light, and warmth, and comfort, so that again the simple and fervent "Dear Ralph!" escaped her, which seemed to express so much in so little.

Alice Maynard's father would have been a very rich man but for his very large family.—Year after year had come another little mouth to feed, and as they were chiefly boys, he soon found that educating and finding professions for eight or ten of them began to tell upon his income, and leave but little for his three girls. Two had been married some time, when, to his astonishment, his little pet Alice crept into his library one morning, and told him that she, too, was going to leave him; that she loved Ralph Maynard. Mr. Merton had had a severe illness, in which Maynard had attended him; Alice had been his chief nurse; and there, by that sick bed, sprang up and grew that little flower of love, which seems to flourish in all soils, and bloom in all climates.

Ralph's practice was not a large one, certainly; still he had enough to live on comfortably; and, as neither he nor Alice seemed ambitious, there was no reason to raise an objection; and so they were married; and from that large old rambling house, with its oak carving and worn gilding, its threadbare Turkey carpets and moth-eaten velvet curtains, its marble hall and wide staircase, up which three or four could walk abreast, its large, neglected gardens, in which the weeds ran riot, Alice came "home" to the small rose-covered cottage, with its bright, new, homely furniture, and its small garden, where the weeds were instantly discomfited by the hoe of old Abel Plumptree, if one ever dared to show its head.

Ralph loved "characters," and chose them to be about him, and serve him; so, as soon as he found out Abel, he hired him to work in the garden. He had been a market-gardener years before, till one misfortune and another brought him down to seek parish relief. Great was his joy, therefore, to find himself once more amongst the flowers he so dearly loved, and able to earn a small pittance, instead of, as he called it, begging for it. He could not work very fast, but he worked well; and in summer time no place round boasted of such fragrance, or luxuriance and beauty of color, as the doctor's little garden. Ralph was very good to the old man; he paid him summer and winter, wet or dry—grateful to see how much happier and heartier he looked for the exercise in the open air, which was like second nature to him, and the relief to his mind at feeling he was no longer on the parish.

"Well, darling," said Ralph, when they had finished their meal, and had drawn their chairs round the fire, "this is something like comfort; I am quite of the opinion that a wife is a most essential part of one's household; and that it is utterly impossible to be thoroughly jolly without one."

"I am very glad you do think so, dear," answered Alice, smiling and slipping her soft, white hand into his, "because it would be rather awkward if you thought otherwise now."

"So it would, my pet; but I assure you the whole place looks as pretty and bright again to-night as it has ever done before. Do you think you shall miss the old Limes, and feel as though you had not room to breathe here?"

"Oh, no; I like this a great deal better, dear. I really was half afraid to move about after dark there, that black oak panselling and the great big rooms are so dreary and ghost-like; I think this is a dear little snug house."

"That's well; and now tell me what you think of my quaint little maid."

"Well, she's rather odd."

"Exactly. I love oddities. I attended her mother in her last illness, and was so struck with the girl's strangeness, that I asked her if she would like to go to service, for I know poor old Ruth is nearly past work, and requires help. She said, 'Yes,' and so I hired her at once. She's a famous servant, beautifully clean and quick, but queer—there's no mistake about it. She never remembers anybody's name; so she invents one on the spot; and as she never remembers that, she calls them by something different every time she speaks of them. I am obliged now to ask for a description of their personal appearance, and fortunately there she is very accurate, and so I always know who has called." As he was speaking, the door opened, and Maria herself entered.

"If you please, sir—rather short, red hair, and marked with small-pox, wants to speak to you."

"Very good—show him into the study."

"Yes, sir; it's more convenient there, ain't it?"

It was with difficulty Alice could control her laughter till the door was closed.

"My dear Ralph, does she always do so?" she asked.

"Only to me; she'll give you some name of her own invention, when your friends call, till you will be glad to adopt my plan, and have a personal description."

"Then she always finishes her speech with a question?"

"Yes—another peculiarity. Oh, she's charming; but I must go and see Mr. Red Hair, alias Mason—he's got a sick wife, poor man, for whom I can do nothing—I fear she wants a nurse more than a doctor. Are you great in jellies and that kind of thing?"

"Sick cookery? Yes, I understand that, for we had poor mamma sick so long, and mamma showed me how to make all manner of things; and when dear papa was ill, I made them for him too."

"What a dear clever little girl!" he said, kissing her heartily. "Will you make something for this poor woman?"

"Willingly, if Ruth will let me."

"Ruth, poor old soul, she'll be glad enough to do so. She's an oddity too," he said, turning back as he was leaving the room. "She never speaks, and that is very odd for a woman; she has lived with me ten years, and I have seldom heard her say anything but 'yes' and 'no.' It must be lonely in the kitchen for Maria." And with one of his merry laughs, Ralph went away to speak to Mason.

When Alice awoke the next morning, it was with a brighter and happier feeling than she had had since she was married. The pale winter sun was shining into the cheerful little room; and, with a kind of childish pleasure, she remembered she was the mistress of "all she surveyed"—that it really was "home"—where she was to be always with "dear Ralph;" and so she rose with fresh hope, and gladdened her husband with a face radiant with smiles. Then she had to take possession of her keys—the store cupboard key, and the linen cupboard, and the caddy, and the sideboard—such a grand bunch they made, hung on the ring Ralph gave her on purpose for them. Then there was the dinner to order, when she must encounter Ruth, that frightened her terribly; but as she felt tolerably sure that she could order dinner, she determined to put a good face on the matter, and go boldly into her kitchen. And what a pretty little kitchen she thought it! just like the toy kitchen she used to be so fond of playing with—the tins and covers were just as bright, the stove shone as much, and the dresser, with its rows of plates, seemed scarcely any bigger. Everything was scrupulously clean; and old Ruth herself might have passed for a toy, as prim and silent she stood there, awaiting her young mistress' orders. Luckily Alice knew perfectly well what she was about, and gave her orders so quietly, kindly, and sensibly, that Ruth, though somewhat inclined to take a stern view of the young housekeeper who had usurped her place, was melted into the nearest attempt at a smile that she had ever been betrayed into.

"You must come and have a chat with old Abel, dear," said Ralph, when she returned to the drawing-room; "he is most anxious to see 'my lady.' Throw a shawl over your head; he is close by the front door, cutting back some shrubs. Abel! here's Mrs. Maynard come to speak to you," said he, as Alice, having thrown a shawl about her, stood by the open door.

The old man stopped his employment, and coming a step or two nearer, took off his cap, and made Alice a low and reverential bow.

He would have made a fine study for a painter. His cheeks were like two rosy apples, and his hair, white as snow, hung down upon his shoulders; his pale blue eyes, sunk deep in his head, were shadowed by thick white eyebrows; and notwithstanding he had seen near seventy winters, his teeth were still white and even.

"I'm glad to see you, lady. She looks like the first snowdrop, sir," he continued, turning to Ralph, "just as gladsome to one's sight; she won't stand *frost*, sir; you'll excuse me, you know what I mean."

"Yes, yes, Abel, I understand you."

"Ay, sir, there is a cutting wind, called *nesterl*, has withered many such a plant as that. I've seen it, sir, many a time. Shut it well out, sir—shut it well out. Do you love flowers, ma'am?" he asked, turning again to Alice.

"Oh, so very much!" she answered; "and Ralph tells me you are a capital gardener."

"Time was, ma'am, time was; but I love 'em now as men do when they have nothing else to love. I always thought that nothing in nature, beautiful as it all is, was like the blessed flowers; and somehow, now, when all the plants of my own nursery ground are blooming, I humbly hope, in a better land, I love these the more. They're my lesson books; every one of 'em whispers to me something, and I can talk to 'em like living things."

"Indeed, Abel, you must teach me. I can believe that in all nature we may learn lessons if we will."

"Yes, ma'am, 'sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

"Ah, Alice," said Ralph, answering her look of astonishment, "our old friend is a great admirer of Shakspeare, I can tell you, and reads him diligently."

"Well, ma'am, I'm a poor man, without much learning, and so I don't know as I'm saying anything wrong; but in my opinion, it comes pretty nigh next to the Great Book. I know lots of it by heart. He must have been a wonderful man; and how he must have loved and known about flowers! If you'll honor me with a visit some day, I'll show you how, last summer, I amused myself with drying some of them die names. I call it 'Shakspeare's Garden.'"

"Thank you, Abel; I shall like to see them very much."

"She shall come, Abel; but I must take her in now; the wind is cold, and I don't want her for a patient."

"No, no, sir; take her in the warm house, by all means. I wish you good-day, ma'am. It's a sweet flower, surely," murmured the old man, as he recommenced his work; "and I hope this climate will agree with it."

The next day was Sunday, and so, after Alice had been seen at church, it was thought necessary to call on her; and so, all Monday and Tuesday, she was kept in a state of nervous excitement by repeated visitors, for Melton was a very gay place in its way, and the people were very much inclined to be sociable. There was the squire and his wife, the lawyer and his wife and three daughters, and several small farmers and their families, two or three old maids, the young vicar, and an old lady, the widow of a naval officer, to whom Alice took an especial fancy. Her mild, sweet face was so gentle and so loving, that she felt she had found a friend; and when she rose to go, and took Alice's hands in both of hers, and said in her low, earnest voice,

"I seldom go out, my dear; I am too old; but I shall be always pleased to see you, and to serve you if I can." Alice could not resist the impulse which made her bend forward, and print a loving kiss on her brow.

The old lady looked up with a puzzled, but pleased expression, and saying,

"Bless you, my sweet child; be sure to come and see me," she departed, leaving Alice for the rest of the day haunted by her face and voice, and unable to talk of anything else when her husband came home.

"And our young vicar—what do you think of him? I expected to find you raving of him, instead of old Mrs. Stanley."

"Oh, I like him very much; he seems a nice, earnest fellow, who loves his work."

"That he does; he is most active. I wonder he is not married."

"He thanked me," answered Alice, "for sending that pudding to Mrs. Mason, for he said that he had no wife to attend to such matters, and he was very pleased and thankful when any of his parishioners would; and he said a great many pretty things about you."

"Which increased your good opinion of him, eh! old lady?"

"Now that is so shamefully conceited of you, Ralph, that I won't tell you any more—there now."

"Very well, then, we'll go to dinner and talk politics."

Alice laughingly assented; but still she found herself continually reverting to that "dear old Mrs. Stanley."

And so the time went on, and daily Alice grew happier, more contented, and found herself losing, by degrees, the sense of depression which was, at first, so painful. She busied herself, after her household duties, with seeing to the poor among her husband's patients, and from all she heard the same story—his goodness, his skill, how often he had forgiven them their bills, how many a night he had sat up with bad cases, where they were too poor to pay a nurse! and she would go home from these visits with fresh pride in her husband, fresh determination to encourage him in every good, and stimulate him to even renewed exertions.

And how bright it made her own home look, to come from those wretched cottages, where the sick and suffering were lying as devoid of any comforts, much less those which their painful situation so much needed—the carpetless floors, the broken windows, the rickety furniture, and smoky chimneys; to come from all this to that little cottage, so full of all those comforts which brighten a home, taught her a lesson of content she hoped never to forget. Though her mother and father had always been very good to the poor in giving to them at Christmas, and sending food and money to the sick, Alice had never seen before any such sad cases as she was now daily witnessing. One or two clean, cheerful old women, round about the Limes, she had often gone to chat with or to read to; but the sick, disabled parent, lying on a mattress, with the young children, cold and hungry, standing round, the eldest of them, perhaps, but ten years old, striving to keep the others clean, to mend and make, and cook for them, her eyes filling with tears at the fruitless efforts, and at the knowledge which she alone of all the poor little ones possessed, that "mammy will never rise again from that sick bed," and that she shall be left with all these helpless children—such cases, and alas! they are too frequent everywhere, made Alice's heart ache. But she knew she must not only sorrow for them, but help them; and so her fingers now went nimbly to work, and with Ruth's help, little frocks and pinafores were multiplied, and carried to rejoicing little ones, whose eyes sparkled at such clothes! And soon Alice and the young vicar grew quite intimate, so often did they meet beneath those poor cottage roofs. Wherever a clean muslin curtain, or piece of new carpet, was, he would smilingly point and say, "Mrs. Maynard has been here."

He worked himself, day and night, in his parish, and it cheered him to find, among his parishioners, any so ready to assist him as the Maynards. Frequently he came now to their house, and passed many a happy, quiet evening there, until the "coming home" of Maynard's wife seemed to him, as well as many others, a blessing to the parish.

Alice had been at her new home but a month or two, when she one morning received a letter from a cousin of hers, inviting herself to come and spend a week or two with them. She was to be married in the summer, she said, and was going abroad, and, therefore, it would be long before she saw her again. Alice showed the letter to Ralph, and asked him what she must do.

"Tell the young woman we shall be happy to see her, of course. I suppose the spare room will do for her. Is she a great lady?"

"Well, dear, she has everything very nice at home, certainly; she is my uncle's only child, and he is very rich, with a nice house in town, and pretty place in the country besides, and they are very gay."

"Well, you can but do your best to make her comfortable; she has asked herself, and I suppose she does not expect a village doctor to live on turtle-soup and golden pippin pie every day, to eat off of silver, or to sleep on down."

"Certainly not, dear Ralph. Then I will write, and tell her we shall be pleased to see her, if she can make herself happy with such humble people."

"Exactly so."

The letter was accordingly written and despatched, and Alice began to arrange the spare room. Of course, she had often stayed at her uncle's; and she began to wonder if Laura would be able to put up with that small room, after her large one, with a dressing-room attached; with the painted deal furniture instead of the rosewood and marble; with the dimity hangings instead of the damask; and her heart failed her at the thought of her first guest. However, she made the room as nice as cleanliness and comfort could make it, giving up her own lounging chair and many of her ornaments, to adorn and add to its agreeable appearance, and endeavored to content herself with feeling she had done her best. And, really, when she came to give one look round, an hour or two before she expected her cousin, and found the brightest of fires sparkling and glowing in every corner of the room, and the hangings looking so dazzling white, and the small toilet-table all pink and white muslin, with pink bows, she thought it did look very pretty, and no one could object to sleep there. But she felt very nervous, and anxious, too; it was her very first guest, and she was so afraid something would go wrong, and that then she would go away and say what a bad housekeeper she was, and Ralph would be vexed! And then she feared he would come in, as he often did, muddy and dirty into the drawing-room, and would be too tired to dress for dinner; and that the dinner would not be well cooked and well sent in. The Harcourts gave their cook twenty guineas; poor old Ruth could not be expected to compete with her; and she wished she had not ordered fish from town, for it was such a difficult thing to dress well; and if it should be greasy and broken, how dreadful that would be! She had ordered dinner at six, expecting her cousin about five. It was now five, and Ralph was not in, but she was dressed and ready. She had put on her very prettiest dress, and taken unusual pains with her hair, for she knew Laura was so particular; and she was rather contented with her appearance, and felt that Ralph would be pleased too. Oh, if he would only come in and get dressed himself before Laura came. She was growing so fidgety that she could neither work nor read. At length the sound of wheels on the crisp ground announced an arrival, and in a few more moments a loud knock at the door summoned Maria, and Alice opened the drawing-room door, and came forward to meet her cousin. A rush of cold air, and an apparition of velvet and fur, which soined Alice in a hearty embrace, proclaimed that the expected guest was really come.

"Well, dear Alice, here I am; but goodness, what roads! What a journey from the station! I thought I should never get here. Mamma sent Cooper with me; I suppose he can get a bed at the inn, for I won't incommode you with him, and he can't get back for the last train."

"Oh, yes; he can get a bed there, no doubt. I fear we really have not one to offer him; but he will come in and have some supper?" said Alice, in her heart exceeding sorry that the great man Cooper should inspect her kitchen, or mix with her servants.

"Oh, yes; he'll be all right. You dear little thing! to think you're really married, and this is your own house!" she continued, throwing up her thick lace veil, and looking round the room. "What a very tiny place it is, my dear! I never saw anything so funny!" and the laugh with which this was said grated on Alice's ear painfully, but she answered—

"I thought it small, coming from the Limes; but now I am used to it, I don't find it so; and I like it very much."

"Oh, doubtless. Use, they say, is second nature; but I feel as though I should be smothered in such a mite of a place. But where's the 'Spose'?"

"Not home yet, he is so busy; but if you will come to your room, and take off your things, he will, I hope, be home by the time you are ready. I ordered dinner at six."

"Very well, love; you show the way, and I will follow."

"This is your room, dear Laura," said Alice, throwing open the door; "and I sincerely hope you won't be smothered."

Laura laughed as she answered, "No, no; that was a figure of speech, Alice; but in summer time the danger would become more real, I think."

"Do you want any one to help you dress? I will willingly be your maid if you require it."

"Oh, no, thank you; I have travelled too much to be helpless now. You have a maid, I suppose, though?"

"Dear me, no Laura; you forget I have married a poor man."

"Ah, true, love; a great mistake that. But I must make myself respectable, or I shall keep your dinner waiting. You are dressed, I suppose? How pretty those kind of dresses were when they were fashionable. They are quite gone out now."

Alice made no reply to this; but desiring her cousin to be sure to ring if she wanted anything, went down stairs. Ralph had not returned, but as he always desired her not to wait, she told Maria to bring dinner in at six.

"Yes, ma'am. It will be better—won't it? Master never likes you to wait, does he? And I suppose Miss Thompson will be ready—won't she?

"Miss *Harcourt* will be ready, Maria, I think."

"Ah, sure! Harcourt; I always do forget names—don't I? I'd better poke up the fire—hadn't I?" And so saying, and as usual, not waiting for a reply, she attended to the fire and left the room.

Just as dinner was announced, Laura came down, in certainly, as Alice thought it, the most elegant of toilets; so beautiful was the material, so well made, and so well put on, that the feeling of contentment at her own appearance was entirely gone. They sat down to dinner after she had apologized for Ralph's absence; and the room did appear to Alice smaller than ever, as she saw her cousin look round it and slightly raise her shoulders.

"I think we had better have the door open, Maria, the room feels so very warm," she said. "Do you not find it so, Laura, dear?"

"Well, rather, dear, I do." But no sooner was it opened than she began to shiver and complain of draughts, and so the door was closed again. "Oh, never mind, dear Alice, let me have a shawl; small rooms are so difficult to regulate. Always too hot or too cold; if I have a shawl the door can be open."

"Shall I fetch Miss Harrison one, ma'am?"

"Yes, Maria, you had better; take these covers first." The girl did so, and then left the room for the shawl.

"Maria will never call you by your right name, Laura; it is a peculiarity of hers; she can remember no names."

"She is rather peculiar altogether—is she not?"

"Yes, very. My husband delights in oddities. Oh, here he comes," she continued, as she heard the front door open. "I am so glad! poor fellow! he must be so hungry!"

It was Ralph, and he entered the room at once.

"Well, old girl, had you almost given me up? How d'ye do, Miss Harcourt! A doctor's time is never his own; that you must understand, so I need not make apologies. Here, Maria," he said, as the girl entered with Laura's shawl, "take my great coat, and I will sit down as I am, for to say I am hungry is only a poor way of expressing my feelings."

"Maria will give you a light to go up, dear, and Ruth is keeping a whiting warm for you," said Alice, nervously, for she saw an expression on her visitor's face which was anything but agreeable.

"No, no, never mind; I don't consider we're any company; you're one of the family—are you not?" he continued, looking at Laura, as he drew his chair to the table. "On the strength of it, we'll take a glass of wine together."

Laura took the proffered glass, and bowed with the greatest dignity. Alice began to ask twenty questions without waiting for an answer, and Ralph seemed to her to talk louder

Wit and Humor.

Danger of Rubbing with Brandy.—We heard the other day of a singular, and, we believe, a new effect of the application of brandy as a medicine. A gentleman, convalescing from an attack of sickness, was recommended by his physician to rub himself all over every morning and evening with the very best brandy.

The invalid accordingly sent to his family grocer, with whom he had dealt for years, and ordered a sample of the best old cognac. Home it came, and that very evening it was tried—outwardly, of course. The convalescent felt better, much better, and he continued to feel better for a day or so, until he awoke one morning, and, to his horror, discovered that his entire cuticle—at least where it had been rubbed with the old cognac—had become of a deep crimson color.

He sprang out of bed in alarm. The family was aroused; a servant despatched in hot haste for the doctor. The invalid's wits were terribly shaken by this never-before-heard-of catastrophe. What could be the cause of it? He looked a picture for a painter, as he sat before the large looking-glass in an arm-chair, and ruefully surveyed his crimson covering. It was almost ludicrous; it was quite as bad as Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse's predicament about his purple-green hair. But this could be no laughing matter; it must be some extraordinary phenomenon, as he explained it to his wondering and alarmed family.

"And just imagine, my dear, how I shall look all my life, if this confounded thing isn't cured. Like a boiled lobster!—like a boiled lobster! I shall go by no other name! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

The door-bell rang; the front door opened; in rushed the doctor. For an instant he could not contain himself—he had to drop into a chair and laugh it out.

"Oh, it's very funny to you, no doubt, Doctor; but how would you like to go about all the balance of your days looking like an overdone lobster?"

The doctor burst out again at this; but he saw that his sick man and family were really alarmed, and he soon sobered down into his usual pulse-feeling gravity.

"Maybe it's the iodine, Doctor?" suggested the anxious wife.

"Oh, it's ironed in, no doubt," said the patient, indulging the ruling passion, strong in death.

The doctor shook his head.

"Had that rubbing been done as he prescribed?"

"Yes, faithfully."

"Good brandy?"

"Yes, the very best—we use no other."

"Let me have it."

The brandy was brought. The doctor tasted it, and shook his head again.

"I'll take it home to examine it chemically. There are so many tricks among the liquor dealers."

"Oh, no fear of that with our grocer. He sells none but the best liquors, imported direct by himself."

"No doubt. I'll look into it, nevertheless." And, calming the family alarm, the good doctor departed, the pure old cognac in his pocket.

That evening came a note from him: "Dear L——, make yourself perfectly easy. The cognac is first-proof whiskey, and won't hurt you. It was the logwood in it that did your business."

Mend Your Articles.—Almost everybody knows C——. He is a big, red faced, full-fed Englishman, good natured withal, and one of the best hearted men in existence. He is very fond of good living, and no man is a better judge of 'alf-an-'alf, which is a beverage he swears by.

But C—— is unfortunate with his h's; he never can put one where one is wanted, but uses them liberally where there is no occasion for them. Many are the stories current about this peculiarity of C——'s, and not a few of them have appeared in print; but we have heard one lately that has never had the honor of types, to our knowledge.

A good many years ago, C—— used to keep an eating-house. He was one of his own best customers, and seldom went home at night without taking his mug of 'alf-an-'alf and something to eat. But he liked his mince pie warm; and one night he said to his barboy, "Take that pie, 'Arry, and go and 'eat it." Henry looked surprised, but not to "look a gift horse in the mouth," obeyed the order without hesitation. In about half an hour, says C——, "Where's that pie, 'Arry?"

"It's all right," replied Henry, "I've ate it." "The deuce you have," says C——; "and pray who told you to heat it?" "Nobody," said Henry, "and I didn't heat it." "Why, d— it," roared C——, getting excited, "I didn't tell you to *heat* the pie; I told you to go and '*eat* it." "Well," explained Henry, "I know it, and I didn't *heat* the pie; I ate it cold." This was too much for C——; he came pretty near exploding, but finally saw the point of the joke, acknowledged the corn, took his 'alf-an-'alf, and ate his pie without 'eating it, that night. But the story somehow got out, and though many years have elapsed since then, he has not heard the last of it yet.

A Sailor's Love of Fair Play.—Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big shipyard in Washington the other day, we observed a regular hard weather sailor looking chap from a man o'war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven foot cross cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw—pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out—

"Now run, you beggar!"

☞ The Happy Man's Map of the World.—Home.—*Punch.*

A HAY FIELD ANECDOTE.

There is a good story which may have been heard in more than one hay field this summer. We heard it one day while on a visit in the country. We went out to show some men how to "pitch;" we had failed, and wilted down under a haycock, and lay flushed and fanning the glow and sweat from our features in a comfortable position, when one of the jolly hay makers related the anecdote of the old man who was always bragging how folks used to work in his young days, and challenged his two sons together to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out tauntingly,

"More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came, whole cock at a time, cloud after cloud overwhelming him. The old man was nearly covered; still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" until, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for?" cried the boys.

"I came down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.

Which was a literal fact; he had come down after the wagon load, which had to be pitched on again rather more deliberately.

Too Much Water.—Sol Jones was a stage-driver for many years before the railroads had become plentiful, and he has followed a variety of occupations since. His principal employment now is drinking strong liquors, and his nose reflects constantly the bonfire. A few days since, Sol stepped into one of our fashionable restaurants, and called for brandy. The decanter was handed to him, and he poured out a glass full. With a look of aversion at the water pump near which he was standing, he tossed off the brandy, and set down his glass with a strong expression of disgust upon his humorous countenance.

"Anything the matter with the brandy?" inquired the bar-tender.

"Yes," was the gruff reply.

"What ails it?" asked Bonitace.

"Why," said Sol, "I kin taste the water in it."

Too Obliging by Half.—A denizen of the smoke covered district, a few miles south of Newcastle, having heard that his landlord, with whom he was particularly desirous to ingratiate himself, had a predilection for nuts, on his last rent day presented himself at the hall with a large bag of those delicate comestibles, of which he bashfully requested the squire's acceptance. The good-humored landlord—(as who would not be good-humored on receiving his rents!) smilingly accepted the gift; but, on opening the treasure, "Why how is this, Mr. B.," said he, "I find there are only kernels. You must have been at a great deal of trouble in breaking them?" "Aye, aye, sir!" replied the farmer; "we warrant ye they mead mah jaws wark, and the wife's jaws wark, and all the bairns' jaws wark, afore we got 'em all cracked!"—*Gateshead (England) Observer.*

Use of the Bath.—The bath is useful to *persons of all ages and of every variety of constitution*; but the same kind of bath is not adapted to all. All healthy persons of whatever age, up to the period of senility, may with advantage use the cold bath, and they need not be afraid to enter it, however cold the weather may be. Persons not being in perfect health, in which category I include all those who have predisposition to fullness of blood or fits, ought not to employ the cold bath habitually, if, indeed, it be proper for them to have recourse to it in any degree. The warm bath, perhaps, is that most generally eligible. It causes no shock to the most delicate organization, it cleanses the skin, opening its pores, and by promoting the function of exhalation, it is conducive to general health. But as a set off to these good effects, it is somewhat depressing, and does not accord well with the necessities of those whose occupation involves sedentary thought. When it is desired to secure these mental conditions in conjunction with the employment of the warm bath, the water should never be sufficiently warm to impart a decidedly agreeable sensation on first entering the bath. A temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit is quite enough. Much virtue is supposed to attach to sea-water baths; but I doubt whether, if we dissociate the mere act of bathing from the contingent pleasures of sea-bathing—such as its greater buoyancy rendering the act of swimming more easy, the purer air of the sea, and the usually delightful scenery—sea-bathing be more advantageous than fresh water bathing; and this granted, whether the schemes we sometimes hear for bringing sea-water through pipes or aqueducts far inland be worth the trouble that would involve. Sea-water may be regarded as furnishing the most simple instance of a medicated bath.—*Dr. Scoffin.*

Value of Reading in Olden Times.—The "Benefit of Clergy."—In the days of Jack Cade few could read except the clergy, so that if a person was arraigned before a temporal judge for any crime, (the punishment whereof was death) he might pray to have a Latin Bible in a black Gothic character delivered to him; and if he could read a passage where the judge appointed, which was generally in the Psalms, the ordinary, or his deputy, who stood near, said, "*legit ut clericus*," that is, he could read like a clerk or scholar, and the criminal was acquitted as being a man of learning, who might therefore be useful to the public. If, however, he could not read, he suffered death. This privilege was granted in all offences, except high treason and sacrilege, until after the year 1530; and it was carried to such an extent that if a criminal was condemned at one assize, because he could not read, and was reprieved to the subsequent assize, he might again claim this benefit, either at that time, or under the gallows tree, and if he could then read, he was then pardoned, of which there was an instance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point).—"Then, Emily! Oh, may I call you Emily?—Sweetest!—best!—say that you will not go—without——"

Fish-Woman (cuts in).—"Any fish, to-day, marm?—any mackerel, shad, or catfish?"

Agricultural.

VARIOUS HINTS.

Weeds.—It is very important to get rid of the seeds of all weeds which may have fallen the present season. All land intended for hoed crops next year, should therefore be harrowed after every rain, to start the weeds. Most of them may in this way be destroyed, if done before ploughing.

Wheat.—Scattering old well-rotted manure over wheat after it has come up, especially on the most exposed knolls and on clay soils is a great protection against winter killing, and will give the plants an early start in spring.

Potatoes.—If these are buried in heaps outdoors, and plenty of straw can be used, the safest mode of keeping, most economical, and most secure from rotting, is to put 50 or 60 bushels in each heap, cover with straw a *foot thick when it is packed*, and with only three or four inches of earth. The straw absorbs moisture, &c., from the potatoes, and this mode is greatly superior to the common practice of using less straw and more earth—so says thorough trial.

Fattening Animals.—Whatever may be the food given, two indispensables must be observed, namely, cleanliness both of animal and food, and regularity. We have known half the value of food wasted, by filth and discomfort—worse than *throwing away cash*; and we have known animals to waste more flesh by fretting long for an expected meal, than the food restored.

Paint Tools.—Carts, ploughs, wagons, and other articles, should have a good coat of paint early in every autumn. They are now dry, and all cracks will absorb the paint and prevent the ingress of water at a later season. Wash them perfectly clean, of course. A light colored paint is best, as it absorbs least of the sun's rays. Dark paints cause the wood to become hot in the sun, and warp and crack. Now is the time.—*Country Gentleman.*

Making Cider.—The apples should be well ripened, but not in the least decayed. Every apple with the least speck of rot in it should be removed, if you wish a first-rate beverage. The decayed and inferior apples may be reserved for making vinegar. Perfect cleanliness should be observed in the grinding process, which should be performed two days before pressing, and the pomace be permitted to stand and mellow in the vat until it assumes a deep red color. Clean dry straw should be used in forming the cheese. If the straw be musty, the flavor will be communicated to the juice. If water be added, it will make it hard and unpleasant to the taste. The casks, also, in which it is put for fermentation should be thoroughly cleansed, and finished off with a fumigation of brimstone. This is done by burning a few strips of canvas inside the barrel, dipped in melted brimstone. The fumes will penetrate all the pores, and destroy the must and correct the sourness. After the fermentation is over, draw off into clean barrels, and clarify it. This can be done by mixing a quart of clean white sand with the whites of half a dozen eggs, and a pint of mustard seed, and pouring it into the barrel. It may stand in the barrel, or, if a nice article is wanted, it should be put into some old quart bottles and corked.

This cider will be fit to drink in cases of sickness, and will always bear a good price in market. It retails at twenty-five cents a bottle, and would bring at least two dollars a dozen by the quantity. This is much better business than to make a poor article from decayed apples, in a slovenly manner, and sell it for two dollars a barrel.—*Cor. of Am. Agriculturist.*

The Wheat Midge.—I have just read S. Cheever's article on the wheat midge. He says plough six or ten inches deep. This, I think, is on the right plan. It covers the eggs so deep that they lie cold and wet, so that the sun does not warm them in season to hatch early enough to commence their depredations soon enough to destroy the wheat. The grasshoppers lay their eggs from a half inch to an inch deep in the ground; they lie there till the next spring; when the weather becomes warm enough they hatch out. If we can retard the fly a week or ten days, it will save our crop. Farmers, this theory is a good one. Try it.—*Cor. of Country Gent.*

Plants for a Poultry Garden.—There are many persons who are so partial to poultry as to make their fowls the first and the garden the second consideration, letting their young chickens have free range among their plants; and others who, without making any pretension to having a garden at all, are glad to grow a few plants in the poultry run. I have always been in one or other of these lists, therefore have some experience as to what plants may be grown without injury where there are fowls.

Supposing the garden is rather confined in space, and the birds have not free range over the adjoining fields, it will be requisite to grow some green food for them to pick at. Nothing answers this purpose better than some plant of the cabbage tribe—as kale, sprouts, &c.—which may either be sown or transplanted for their use; they are so fond of these plants that it is useless to attempt to grow them for any other purpose when fowls have access.

Provided a supply of such green food as they like is prepared for them, I have found that the following plants may be grown without being the least injured;—Jerusalem artichoke, potato, broad beans, rhubarb, parsnip, carrot, parsley, and most other pot-herbs; scarlet runners and French beans, at least until the seeds ripen; vegetable marrow and pumpkin, the plants being preserved from injury by a coop over them in their earliest stages; onions, lettuce, turnips, &c.

Bush-fruit suffers considerably, from fowls—currants, raspberries, and gooseberries particularly. Strawberries are destroyed by being scratched over for insects; but fruit trees generally flourish luxuriantly; and I recollect, in several bad apple seasons, noting that the apple trees in the poultry run were always the most productive of any in the neighborhood.

Of course, these remarks, as to the plants that are not injured by fowls, apply only to those cases in which the birds are freely supplied with food; for if kept in a state of semi-starvation, they devour turnips, beans, and many other things, they will not touch if well fed. I have now sixty game bantam chickens of this year running in my garden, and four old birds, and I cannot perceive that any of the plants in my first list have suffered injury.

I would wish it, however, to be understood, that I am not advocating, as a general rule, the introduction of poultry into gardens, but merely stating what plants can be safely grown where such arrangement is unavoidable.—W. B. Tegetmeier, in *the English Cottage Gardener.*

Potato Experiments.—I have been trying experiments in planting large and small potatoes cut and uncut. First I took middling-sized potatoes and planted two short rows, side by side, in drills. One row cut the potatoes into two or three pieces, the other row planted whole; gave each piece a space of a foot in each row and cultivated both alike. This fall I dug and weighed them, and the following is the result:—Cut 49 pounds; whole 45 pounds; thus the cut potatoes weighed 4 pounds the most, and were also larger than the others, and the only reason I can give for it is that the whole potatoes produced more sprouts and made more small potatoes. I also took some small potatoes, the size of walnuts—planted one row whole and the next row cut into pieces and cultivated as usual. The yield was 39 pounds cut, and 38½ pounds of the whole ones, but those from the whole ones were the largest and best. I do not deem this experiment decisive, I wish others to try it.—*Cor. of Rural New Yorker.*

Top-Dressing Wheat at the time of Sowing.—An intelligent farmer, in Meudon, N. Y., informs us that last fall he top-dressed part of a field of wheat with fine manure, and harrowed it in immediately after the wheat was sown. On the part so dressed the seed was a week earlier, and produced *double the crop* than that on the land unmanured. It is true, that the land that was top-dressed was higher and drier than the unmanured portion. On the latter the wheat winter-killed badly; the crop, in consequence, was thin and late, and the midge destroyed nearly the whole of it. Still, he is satisfied that a top-dressing of good fine manure gives the young plants a good start in the fall, enables them to withstand the winter better, and brings the crop rapidly forward to maturity, and thus not only increases the growth, but lessens the danger of injury from the midge.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Where and Where Deep Ploughing is Beneficial.—An English paper discusses this subject at some length, and the points brought out will interest and instruct American readers. We condense them in the paragraphs below:

"Deep ploughing is most effectual in autumn, exposing the soil to the influence of frost, rain and air, during the winter, which act upon the mineral ingredients of the soil, rendering them available for succeeding crops; also, pulverizing the soil, and thus facilitating the passage of the roots into the subsoil. As regards the period of the rotation, it should precede root crops, (or, in this country, Indian corn,) or may be the first ploughing for fallowing preparatory to the wheat crop.

"Deep ploughing is most beneficial to stiff clays, and, as a rule, we may plough deep when the subsoil is of the same character as the surface, if both are tenacious, or when the subsoil is composed of good clay, only requiring atmospheric influences to sweeten it. Deep cultivation should be avoided in nearly all very light soils, and in ploughing for crops after large applications of manure, thus burying it too deeply; or in turning under clover or other green crops. Deep ploughing in autumn, on most clays, is equal to a half-dressing of manure. Clay from which the air is excluded exhibits a dark blueish color. After draining, it is not advisable to bring to the surface more than two inches of clay subsoil at a time, otherwise more is brought up than the frost, &c., can fit for growing good crops.

Useful Receipts.

A Cure for Scrofula.—The Cincinnati Commercial publishes the following communication from Nicholas Longworth, the great wine manufacturer of that city:

All the papers I had, giving the cure for scrofula, have been distributed to persons sending for the remedy. I have never heard of a case where it did not effect a speedy cure, and it can in no case do an injury. In several instances, where it has been applied to old sores, it has also speedily effected perfect cures. Put one ounce of aquafortis in a bowl, or saucer; drop in it two copper cents—it will effervesce—leave the cents in; when the effervescence ceases, add two ounces of strong vinegar. The fluid will be of a dark green color. It should and will smart. If too severe, put in a little rain-water. Apply it to the sore, morning and evening, by a soft brush or a rag. Before applying it, wash the sore with water. Its first application known to me, was a poor girl, sent to our city from Memphis, to have her leg cut off, as it was feared she might not live long enough to have it cut off in that hot climate. She was refused admittance to the poor-house, and was lying on the sidewalk, as she could not even stand up. From her knee to her foot, one-third of the flesh was gone, and all the skin, except a strip about two inches wide. She was laid on a bed, and the remedy placed on a chair by it. She could rise up and apply it. In a few days her peace of mind returned, and she declared it was getting well. It was supposed it was a relief from the pain only; but when examined, fresh flesh was growing, and skin over it. She continued the application, and would work, which delayed the entire cure, leaving a small sore, which was in a few months entirely healed. A young girl, with scrofula in her neck, having a large open hole, and deemed incurable, became one month after entirely cured, and recently married, with her husband, on their way to the East. I have known many more similar cases, and have never known a case where it did not effect a cure.

Dog-Wood and Ivy Poison.—Mr. Samuel Wilson, in a late number of the N. E. Farmer, offers as a certain remedy for dog-wood or ivy poison, which proves sometimes, especially in the latter part of the season, not only a most loathsome affliction, but often of a very serious nature. This remedy is simply to take the plant called *mouse-ear*, make a strong tea of the leaves, drink of it, and bathe the parts afflicted, with the tea, a few times, and a complete cure will follow.

Waterproofs.—For hats, boil 8 lbs. of shellac, 3 lbs. of frankincense, and 1 lb. borax, in sufficient water. To waterproof cloth for sportsmen, dip it in a solution of acetate of lead, with a little gum and solution of alum (both solutions of the same strength.) For shoes, linseed oil 8 oz., boiled ditto 10 oz., suet 8 oz., yellow wax 8 oz.; melt.—*London Field.*

To Color Crimson or Purple.—J. S., of Michigan, inquires how to color Merinoes or Cashmeres some rich, dark color. It may be done as follows. If the cloth is dirty, wash cleanly in soap suds—if not washed, it must be wet thoroughly in suds, after which make another strong suds. If you wish to color a dress a rich crimson, put your suds into a brass kettle and add one-quarter of a pound of cudbear, stir well, then put in the garment, set it on the stove and let it scald for an hour or two. If you desire a dark purple, add from one-quarter to one-half of a pound of cudbear, and put into an iron kettle, instead of brass—wash well through two suds and rinse in clear water.—*Cor. of Rural New Yorker.*

White Ants.—Men who have resided in tropical climates relate wonderful stories of the doings of white ants. A respectable householder leans against a wooden pillar of his dwelling, and tumbles through it; or he sits down on a solid-looking bench, and finds himself deposited on the floor. He takes down from a shelf some long undisturbed book, and finds nothing left but the cover. The white ants, those industrious workers in the dark, have been mining diligently, leaving the exterior sound and unaltered, but making the interior a mere flimsy skeleton.—*Daily News.*

Expressing Two Conflicting Emotions at Once.—Madame Doche, the original Camille, is now playing at the Gaite, and a short time since a supper was given to the artistes of that establishment by the manager, who was to resign the next day his position to another. Both managers were present at the entertainment, and Madame Doche was placed between them. She had improvised a dress, one side of which was sorrowful black, next to him who was leaving, and the other side joyful pink, next to the successor.—*Paris Paper.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 15, 21, 26, 30, is one of the principal rivers in North America.

My 15, 3, 6, 28, 5, 24, 13, 29, 2, is an active volcano and a very high mountain.

My 17, 18, 11, 19, 33, 25, 9, 27, is a county in one of the Southern States.

My 4, 6, 16, 32, 10, 29, 9, 23, is an island in the Arctic Ocean.

My 5, 25, 18, 4, 12, 31, is a county in one of the Southern States.

My 14, 19, 22, 20, is a river in Europe.

My 24, 7, 28, is a cape on the eastern coast of North America.

My whole is an Institution of Learning in one of the Western States. J. W. C.

Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In an Oriental city
Dwelt a youth and maiden fair;
And they loved each other fondly,
And were free from every care.

He was parting from his darling.
And he clasped her to his breast;
And my first was heard ascending
As she in his arms was prest.

And my second was above them,
Looking calmly down on all,—
On the ocean, mountain, forest—
Monarch great and peasant small.

Then he started on his journey,
Bent to cross the desert wide;
But, alas! he was o'ertaken
By my whole's dread power, and died.

Long she watched and long she waited—
Watched and waited night and day;
Soon she drooped and soon she faded—
Drooped and passed from earth away.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A joint of the thigh my first is reckoned;
A river in Europe is my second;
A coin of this country is my third.
My third and my fourth in one combined,
Is a poetical being you'll find.
My whole is a monster of which you've heard.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in *summit* but not in *top*.
My second is in *settle* but not in *drop*.
My third is in *pacer* but not in *steed*.
My fourth is in *fodder* but not in *feed*.
My fifth is in *seek* but not in *find*.
My sixth is in *brain* but not in *mind*.
My seventh is in *night* but not in *day*.
My eighth is in *said* but not in *say*.
My ninth is in *sign* but not in *name*.
My tenth is in *trumpet* but not in *fame*.
My eleventh is in *rain* but not in *wet*.
My twelfth is in *seine* but not in *net*.
My thirteenth is in *plate* but not in *bowl*.
My fourteenth is in *cheek* but not in *jowl*.
My fifteenth is in *rebels* but never seen in *tory*.
My whole has often led us on to victory and *glory*.

Jersey City. H. S. H.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thirteen men join to buy a certain strip of land, 130 perches in length, by 16 perches in breadth; (thus containing in the whole 13 acres;) for which they paid $748 81¼, in equal shares. But the trouble of the case is: that the land, acre after acre, is not of equal value, but gets poorer with every inch of its length, as it lies, from the east to the west end. So in peace and unity, they all agree that the first acre thereof, cut off across the strip, should be valued at $100, and that each successive acre thus taken off should be valued at somewhat less than the preceding acre, according to even and regular Geometrical Progression Rule and Order, in such a ratio that the whole purchase money should be taken up thereby. The question is: What increasing ratio did they apply to value the land from west to east? and how much of the land must each of the 13 men take to get the worth of his share of the purchase money, according to this valuation and the equity of the whole transaction?

P. S. I will be thankful to any Mathematician who will furnish me with a definite Rule for solving questions in Geometrical Progression, when the first (or the last) term, the number of terms, and the sum of all the terms are given; the ratio being demanded, as is done in the above question. I do not know that I ever saw a Rule for the same, that would be applicable in all cases; and yet certainly there must be such a Rule.

Address DANIEL DIEFENBACH,
Crotzerville P. O., Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How could you make a thin child fat? Ans.—Well, just pitch him out of a window, and he will come down plump.

☞ Why are Seas liable to attacks of insanity? Ans.—Because they generally die cracked.

☞ How many soft-boiled eggs could a giant eat upon an empty stomach? Ans.—One; after which the stomach is not empty.

☞ Why does the weathercock point to a high moral truth? Ans.—It shows man that it is a *vane* thing to *a-spire*.

☞ Why may egotistical people be set down as sharper sighted than other persons? Ans.—Because they constantly use so many I's.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Francis Lightfoot Lee. CHARADE—Free Mason (Free-ma-son). CHARADE—Buck-eye.—CHARADE—Keystone. ANAGRAMS—Accomac, Stafford, Culpepper, Albemarle, Monongahela, Loudan, Logan, Mason, Pulaski, Lewis, Gilmer, Tazewell. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—Whole sum $823 68—A got $115 83, B got $128 70, C got 154 44; D got $180 18, E got $244 53.

☞ Every known fact in natural science was divined by the presentiment of somebody, before it was actually verified.—*Emerson.*

☞ The regard one shows economy, is like that one shows an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last.—*Shenstone.*

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Dowagiac, Michigan, Sept. 29th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

Since I last wrote you, I have lost two weeks—two precious weeks of lovely autumn weather—by illness. I am just now getting about again—resuming my rides and drives about the country, and making a virtuous effort, "an effort" which would delight the soul of Mrs. Chick herself, to regain my lost strength, and the flesh for which I particularly mourn.

The other day, a brother, who has lately joined us, accompanied me on one of those rides along secluded forest paths and among the oak-openings, in which I take such delight. I found that the aspect of nature had changed during my imprisonment. Frost, that cruel beautifier, had been to work, touching the woods with fatal splendor, the hectic flush, the dying glow of summer's fresh, luxuriant foliage.

Now comes on the season of Nature's heavenly illumination—of sunset glories come down to earth, wrapping the mountains in gorgeous, gleaming colors, like the rich drapery, lights and pictures of holy altars—the pentecostal season of the trees, in which their sacred heads glow golden and scarlet, as with "tongues of flame." Every sumac now is a "burning bush"—the wild ivy clasps the trunk of the oak in a fiery embrace, and its long twining branches and lithe sprays seem to leap in vivid red flashes from bough to bough. The lovely fire of the cardinal flower died slowly from the woods, like the red light of a splendid sunset—then came the aster, evening-star of Summer, and now Autumn dawns serenely in the deep, delicious blue of the fringed gentian. We found this flower in several places in the woods, the other day, and every time we came upon it, its delicate, graceful beauty thrilled me to the soul. Seeing it among the brighter blooms and sturdier forms of other autumnal flowers, there seems something peculiarly rare and pure, sweet and consoling about it. It seems to preserve the memory of spring-time, the soul of early summer days, and to softly fold away in its silken petals a happy hope of other springs and summers to come. Without a taint of haughtiness, it always looks apart from other plants—by its native elegance and spiritual grace, the "elect lady" of flowers;—it comes up only in pleasant places—the wind seems to "do its spiriting gently" in bending and swaying its slender stem—the sunshine seems to fall lovingly upon it—

"Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills *its* blue urn with fire."

The golden rod, October's sceptre, is up and waiting for her. The red fruit of the high cranberry glooms amid the green foliage, like rubies set with emeralds. Fallen leaves are beginning to scud over the knolls before the wind, and huddle together in the hollows, like lost and frightened creatures. On the hillsides the corn stands shocked, leaving the pumpkins unshadowed, to bask lazily in the sun—looking themselves like summer sunshine, rolled into balls, for winter use. In the woods, from bough to bough, and along fence-rails, by the roadside, "leaps the live lightning" of the squirrel—the black, the gray, the red—particularly the red. These are the blithe spirits of the solitudes—shy, yet not unsocial—often when one is without a gun, as I generally am, courteously accompanying one for a considerable distance through their domains.

I shall not soon forget that ride, the first after long days of pain and languor—the beauty and stillness of the day—the soft, golden haziness of the atmosphere—the fragrance of the changing leaves, (the dying sighs of nature are very sweet!)—the tender gloom of the deep woods, and the gorgeous tinting of the "openings."

One little by-road we found, which ran straight through a small forest of young trees, rising, a dense mass of vivid green, in a gradual billowy ascent from each side of our path. I could almost fancy that this way had been cleft open for us, as was the Red Sea passage for the Children of Israel, and that it would close up again, as soon as we had passed.

Often during our ride, C——— and I exclaimed upon the beauty of this country. A quiet, monotonous beauty it may be, but it is none the less charming to city-wearied eyes, contemplating it for a limited season. The freshness and rank luxuriance of its foliage are owing to the vast "water privileges" of the State. It is sprinkled with lakes and veined with streams in every direction. Pierce the earth anywhere and an imprisoned spring, for ages blindly groping in a subterranean cell, leaps gladly to the light. Unfortunately, there are, also, too many springs that break jail, and come up unbidden, and a vast number of lakes in a slow state of absorption, swamp and marsh lands, in which agues and "massasaugas" breed.

In the cultivated sections hereabouts, the natural beauty has been almost universally marred by the fanatical zeal of the settlers in cutting down or burning the majestic forest-trees. The farmer's house is almost invariably without a forest-tree to shade it, though often within a few rods of a noble grove of oaks or maples. One of the few exceptions to this rule is a farm-house we wot of, which is completely shadowed, grandly brooded over by a gigantic oak. On being complimented for his taste in sparing this, the farmer replied—

"Yes, I've let that tree stand year after year, though it don't look very thrifty-like. You see it's right handy,—I hang my scythe on this here limb, and my wife, she hangs her mop on 'tother."

Every country school-house I have seen stands out bare, shadeless, forlorn, on the public road, with not a rod of green turf before it, with not a wild-vine or bush near it—with not even a young birch tree, standing an image of beauty and salutary terror, uniting the *dulce* and the *utile*, beside the door.

Yesterday we rode a new direction, some three or four miles away, to visit a tract of "timber land." The finest portion of the ride was through a dense beech wood. Within all was silence, sweet and solemn, only broken now and then by the trill of a bird, hidden high up among the branches,—and deep-green shade, pierced here and there by slender shafts of sunlight. There was no under-brush, there were few saplings and low-hanging branches; the boles of the beeches rose up in mighty silvery columns to a great height, then roofed in that grand, natural cathedral with millions of interlacing boughs, and an almost impervious mass of foliage. Within all was fresh and green as early summer—not a touch of autumnal tinting, though outside, the vast roof of the leafy temple is already gilded to rival the domes and minarets of Stamboul.

In all my rides, I manage going or returning, to cross or make the round of "the Race Course." This somewhat impressive name which sounds as though Dowagiac had attained not only to the splendid acme of civilization, but was addicted to some of its vices, is calculated to deceive the stranger. The Race Course is a beautiful plain, lying upon some high land, a little way above the village; around it a track of about half a mile in circumference had been feebly traced, by private trotting enterprise. Neither man, nor beast, nor sulky has yet interfered much with the natural beauty of the spot; the circle is unfenced, and still thickly interspersed with young oaks, and covered with an unbroken, flowery turf. I should judge from appearances, that a race might be about a sexennial event here. Yet we happened to witness one a few weeks ago. Coming upon the course during our ride, we found a large and extremely miscellaneous crowd collected, and stopped to see the sport, and participate in the prevailing excitement—an excitement none the less tempting, I fear, for having about it somewhat of the unsanctified zest of dissipation, not to say impropriety.

The horses that were to run, were a fiery little bay, and a lean, awkward dun—not very fairly matched, I saw at once, and inwardly "bet on the bay." They were backed by boy-jockies of native growth—one of them hatless, coatless, shoeless, and saddleless. They were to run on a small section of the course, which a certain energetic individual, who seemed master of ceremonies, was making stupendous efforts to clear of curious and intrusive spectators. He was actuated to a degree, by philanthropic motives, as said spectators, chiefly small boys, were in positions slightly perilous, but his great anxiety seemed to be that the judges should have a fair view of the performance, from beginning to end. Finding his laudable efforts again and again defeated, and his authority set at naught, he grew hot and red with exertion and honest indignation, performed prodigies of expectoration, and, a friend who was near him, said, exhibited "a moral power of swearing," second only to that ascribed to the venerable hero of the Hermitage. He finally took off his coat, but did not, I am sorry to say, in his heat, lay aside that other habit of profane speaking. If "the Derby" had been about to come off, and the great business of the turf had devolved upon him, he could not have shown more anxious zeal. Just before the horses started, he made one last, desperate effort, by shouting at the top of his voice—"Gen-tle-men, clear the track! the judges couldn't see if the d—— himself was a-coming!"

I rode, on this occasion, a small black mare, quite a handsome animal, which had never before been backed by womankind. The owner was present, and seemed slightly nervous in regard to "the beast," as they style the noble quadruped out West—proposing that I should dismount, or have her firmly held, till the dangerous and contagious excitement should be over. On my declining both precautions, he evidently seemed to regard me as the most temerarious and contrarious of my sex, and thenceforward kept one eye on me, and one on the race course. I had already found the black mare a fleet, springy creature, with a dash of wickedness in her composition, and an emulative spirit which seemed to "snuff the race afar off." I felt confident she was faster than either of the present candidates for the honors of the turf—felt also, I must confess, a keen desire to loosen the taut rein, to touch her with the whip, to call out to her in the cheering words of Toodles—"Polly, cut away!" let her dash in, and win the tin cup. But I magnanimously restrained myself and her.

On the first trial the dun balked and sheered into the bushes,—but on the second, both finished the course in good style—the bay winning the race triumphantly.

My black beauty continued wonderfully quiet, considering her running propensities, but when all was over my cavalier's steed, a dull, innocent, country-bred colt, suddenly darted forward, reared and plunged a moment, with a rather violent see-saw motion, then subsided into his usual meek quietude. He had but just received his shock of the animal electricity which may be supposed to have pervaded that circle. His eccentric "manifestations" formed a pleasant little supplement to the excitement of the turf.

Little attention seems to be paid to the breeding of fine horses in this region. It is doubtless considered one of the fine arts, whose time is hereafter. The best horses I have seen, both for speed and endurance, have been ponies, of Indian extraction.

Our little daughter's precocious passion for equestrian exercises continues unabated. By day her thoughts run upon ponies, and her dreams are night-mares of a diminutive breed. Some one was telling her to-day of a certain good little girl, who had gone away to Heaven, when she naively asked—

"Did she go on horseback, with her mamma?"

During all the languid indifference of illness, I felt a strong earthly, or rather heavenly interest in the comet—in watching for it nightly, through my west window, and seeing how its "wondrous tail" grew in length and brilliancy, like Thackeray's serial.

One night, I had no sleep, from having heard in the evening the startling account of the Harvey children having been carried off in the balloon. I seemed to see them, as they were suddenly snatched away from earth, "caught up into the clouds,"—I saw their white, frightened faces, their appealing arms—I seemed to hear their piteous cries for help, lessening up the air. I struggled to realize the awful, helpless anguish of those left behind—the cruel remorse of the father—the frantic grief of the mother, stretching her yearning arms toward the inexorable heavens, calling wildly up into the void, unanswering air.

My soul strove to follow them on their fearful voyage, those babes lost in the sky—poor little wanderers through the night. I longed to comfort them in their lonely grief, to allay their wild terrors, to shield them in my arms from the bitter cold—to whisper to them that below the night and clouds, was home, and above, God;—that wherever we might drift, or dash, living or dead, we should find ourselves in His domain, in His care—that though borne away among the stars, we could not be lost, for His love would follow us.

But, thank God, the poor children had better than any human companionship throughout that dreadful journey. We cannot doubt but that "their angels" comforted and sustained those troubled little hearts—gave sleep to the youngest child, and kept utter despair from the eldest, as she "wrapped her brother in her apron," and watched over him with motherly tenderness. Some celestial pilot guided that car down the wild currents of air, through cloud and darkness, as softly as dew descends, or a bird alights, to a spot where human care and pity awaited them, and did not let it drop in lake or river, lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this fearful, unchildlike experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror. Tenderly were they dealt by, graciously cared for and restored—but, heavens! what a memory to grow up to manhood and womanhood with, to carry through life. And what a memory for the parents—that season of frenzied fear and agonized suspense! With what trembling love and gratitude must they look upon this little son and daughter, so miraculously restored to them, after having been, as it were, translated before their eyes. If those children are not spoiled, it will be another signal mercy.

Poor Thurston, brave aerial sailor though he was, has suffered shipwreck at last. After whirling in swift vortices, and plunging through awful abysses of air, he doubtless let go his frail hold, and dropped earthward, with all his soul resolved into one thought—God.

Where he fell—into wood, or lake, or mountain gorge, or rank morass, we shall probably never know; but we can trust that the Divine love that marks the sparrow's fall knew and pitied the lonely anguish of that dread hour—beheld that dizzy death-plunge, and received him when the brief agony was over. Wherever he fell, we may believe that he fell into the Father's arms.

This is rather a serious close to a letter, in the main all too trifling perhaps; but I ever in these communications write as the mood changes, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Variably, but truly yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

"FARM LIFE."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—In a late number of The Post, I noticed an article, copied from the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Farm Life" in New England, which you think applies with equal force to all farming communities—and so do I.

The author of that article is the veriest sciolist. He knows practically nothing of the Farmer's life—of his wants, necessities and obligations, and so it is with a thousand others who are flooding the country with long letters, articles and speeches, which have anything but a good effect on the farming community. These persons tell us that hard and protracted labor animalizes a man—that it makes his form angular and ill-shapen—his manners rough and uncouth—that it makes him a nobody among men and women—that he will remain so till he quits his drudgery and becomes an educated, gentleman farmer, with a beautifully arranged dwelling, parlor, library, etc., while, on the contrary, they set before us in glowing colors the beauty of person, mind and manner, of those who enjoy a life of ease and abundance in the cities. One person tells us that the farmer turns his back on life and becomes an animal; another that the farmers are enormously self-sufficient—that they don't understand their own business—that they work too much—that they ought to experiment more—ought to sit in the house and read and meditate two hours each day. Another says that the farmer who does not understand the development of the soil labors slavishly—and still another says farmers have nothing fit to eat. Enough statements like these might be gathered annually in this labor-loving North to fill a large book.

Now any person of ordinary understanding and observation, can see that the farmer does not "sell his soul to his body;" does not "turn his back upon life" more than the members of any other calling or profession on earth.

The assertion that the uneducated farmer's labor is slavish, is incorrect in theory and practice. Is the telegraph operator a slave? He knows no more of the elements of electricity than he does of the centre of the earth. Is the physician a slave? He can't tell you how the smallest moiety of the human body is formed—he can't tell the process of growth of a single bone, muscle, or particle of flesh in the whole system. Is the statesman a slave? He can't tell the effect of a single law that he helps to enact. The ordinary, uneducated farmer can tell the result of ploughing and sowing better than any of these. No individuals in any other avocation can calculate the consequences of their labor more closely than he. Then why should he, because he does not understand the technicalities and minute developments of the soil, be called a slave, or his labor slavish?

There are farmers who do not know gypsum from possum; a physiological redax from an astronomical parallax; a hypothenuse from a hippopotamus; and yet they are farmers of integrity, intelligence and science. They are thriving farmers. They have a knowledge of all that immediately concerns their calling. They understand how to raise large crops, how to make close bargains, how to make discreet purchases of farm stock and implements, and how to dispose of the surplus products of the farm in the most judicious manner. They walk through the world without restriction, free and untrammeled, save by the powers that be and the God above, with a bold step and upright form, knowing their duty to God and man. They are men. They are not slaves or animals.

A farmer need not sit in the shade and meditate two hours in a day. He has become accustomed to think and work together. His thoughts are most clear and correct while in active employment. He cons over facts, states propositions, and draws conclusions, with regard to his business, with unerring precision. From the vicissitudes of the weather, and other causes, he frequently in the field, like the military leader, has to change tactics in an instant. This he can do quickly and in the best manner, and his best plans are frequently concocted in the midst of muscular exertion.

Farmers are not self-conceited. They have simply a praiseworthy spirit of distrust for humbug. They have the accumulated wisdom of ages in their profession. The new-fangled notions scattered abroad are, in nine cases out of ten, the speculations of humbugs, and farmers consequently receive all new things with commendable caution. As fast as new notions are thoroughly tested and proven they are received. Farmers are governed in this respect by a wise discrimination. The Agricultural Department at Washington, and some forehanded individuals, are doing a laudable business in experimental farming, and giving the world the results. But ordinary farmers cannot afford to do this, and it would be a wrong to themselves and the country if they undertook to cover their soil with Shanghais, Chinese potatoes, patent manures, &c. Farmers must sow that which they know will produce a remunerative harvest.

There are farmers, and men in all positions, who labor immoderately and intemperately. The majority of farmers are not of this class. The rural population of Indiana, or New England, need not be told that they are working themselves into beasts. Their farms do not show that too much labor has been invested in them. All of the West, and a great portion of the East, would rather show that the contrary is true. The owners of the soil want encouragement rather than discouragement. Their foolish desires, aided by the advice of a few wrong-headed writers, calls many too much from their fields, which need their labor and attention, to amuse themselves by reading, riding, fishing, hunting, and neighborly chat.

Labor does *not* injure man's mental until it first injures his physical abilities. This country has no large class among its active population who are more healthful than farmers. They can endure as much hardship, they have as strong nerves, and they live to as great an age as any. The farmer's mind is always active and clear. Unlike the lawyer, he has never studied Coke and Blackstone; unlike the merchant, he knows but little of the laws of trade and commerce; unlike the astronomer, he knows not the laws that govern the stellar universe. But in his own sphere he knows as much as lawyer, merchant, or astronomer do in theirs. He has capacity to comprehend, and judgment and knowledge to guide him in his own affairs. He cannot learn all the arts and sciences; therefore devotes himself to that which is nearest his heart—the *science of farming*.

The farmer improves his dwelling, his yard, his library and his mind, as fast as his "pecuniary means" will admit. To get these means, he thinks and labors long and hard; overtasks himself; becomes toil-worn, and is stigmatized as a slave, an animal, a brute!

The farmer cannot appear in refined and genteel society and make a great display, acting out all the rules and maxims laid down by Chesterfield; or deport himself like one bred in the so-called social world. Neither is it necessary for his happiness that he should. In such society he would be as much out of his element, and doubtless appear as ungainly and awkward, as a city fop would at an honest farmer's home. As it is, he is a man with and among the good and noble, and beyond that his ambition should not lead him.

Every man's form and constitution accommodate themselves to his business. The farmer's hard hand, sun-burnt face, and muscular frame, are as honorable as the shrivelled arm of the lawyer, the fair face of the merchant, or the large head of the philosopher. On the farm are to be seen children of the most perfect model, physically and mentally; they are not the offspring of disease and debauchery. Is it not true that in the city, the larger portion of the people have features so angular and distorted as to impinge on deformity? And do not these "children of a larger growth" bear the impress of an unnatural mode of life? They are the sickly plants reared in the shade—the farmer is the stable oak reared in the free air and light of heaven.

Our young men are told that hard farm-labor animalizes them, while high-bred city life would almost angelize them. Now almost every young farmer who starts in life, knows that he has got to work long and hard, live economically, almost parsimoniously, before he can secure a competency, before he can live that "popular idea" life. He must reach that point, or be "nobody;" if he becomes "angular" in attaining it, he is then "nobody." So he packs his trunk and starts for the city. This is the result of such teaching.

Far be it from me to say that farmers should not have a thorough literary education; I would have them all men of science and general intelligence if possible. Let them all study, read, and become conversant with all that is worth knowing, as far as in their power—not that this great amount of knowledge is necessary to make them good men, good farmers, or good citizens, but it is a pleasure to all who have means and leisure to gain knowledge. But those who have not the ability to go beyond that which pertains immediately to their calling, let them not be styled brutes or slaves!

The good farmer labors hard, and he has his reward. There is a continual effervescence of joy within, as he sees the progress of his business and improvements from day to day. When serene old age arrives, he looks back upon a life of well-spent years—he has been no drone in the world—he has been no leech, living on the substance of the community.—He looks abroad over his well appointed farm, and says, "With my own hands I did it." His barn and house are the stores of plenty—he is at peace—his conscience is at ease—he is blessed in the industrious habits and love of his children—and all who know him are his friends and so is his Maker.

ONE OF THE FARMERS.
Onondaga County, New York.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Event of the Week—Eastern and Western Carving—Wonders of the Heavens—A Dangerous Auxiliary—Luxurious Travelling—A Classic Flower—Crusade Against Crinoline.

Paris, September 23, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The publication of the treaty with China in the *Moniteur* of yesterday, gives great satisfaction here; and the journals are exhorting the public to make all possible haste in organising companies for getting up commerce with that country, and warning them that, if they delay, the English will speedily secure every avenue to the new market thus thrown open to the rest of the world, and that thus Great Britain will be found to have been the greatest gainer by the change. How far this rich and pleasant country will benefit in a commercial point of view by the virtual throwing down of the Chinese wall, is perhaps doubtful. The laboring population here average from one-third to two-thirds only of the rates of wages earned by British workmen; and yet the greater number of trades in France are in so languishing a state, that those who carry them on are constantly crying to the Government for additional "protection" in the way of prohibitive tariffs. But whether France, whose genius shines forth so much more brilliantly in matters of taste than in matters of business, is or is not to be, more than an indirect gainer by this great revolution, the opening of China will no doubt put us in possession of some of the methods of working which enable its industrious people to accomplish so many things in which Europeans cannot emulate them. Everybody knows, for instance, how marvellously the Chinese carve ivory, and at how small a price *chef d'œuvres* of this description are to be bought in China. This exquisite skill in the art of carving, shared by the Hindoo and the Japanese, is more nearly approached by the French carvers than by those of any other European people; the higher artistic development, and purer taste of the French carver rendering his productions, in general, far more beautiful than those of his Oriental compeers, in which the subject and style of treatment are often as prosaic, or even unnatural, as the execution is astounding for its minuteness, complexity, and marvellous richness and delicacy of detail. In arabesque the East has no rival in the West; it is a branch of artistic creation, the corresponding phrenological bump of which seems lacking in Western crania; but for imitation of nature, for the power of evoking her grace, her poetic suggestiveness, and infusing, as it were, the very soul of loveliness and beauty into stone, and wood, and ivory, the West, in the present state of the world's development, necessarily leaves the fatalistic East at an immense distance. The exquisite carved furniture of Paris and Dijon, so often alluded to in these letters, and which really constitutes one of the preeminent glories of French industrial art, and the equally lovely works in ivory for which *the humble carvers of Dieppe are equally without rivals*, are infinitely more beautiful than the greater part of the Oriental productions, because they embody poetic thought and sentiment of a high character, whereas the Eastern carvings are generally the outgrowth of a low and unpoetic fancy. But it cannot be denied that in point of skill, the Orientals are still far superior even to the French carvers; while the cheapness of their beautiful things is a quality that their European rivals can by no means attain to. For instance, a few days ago, a gentleman of Havre, possessor of a remarkably beautiful set of chessmen which had been bought for him in Canton by a friend, and of which one of the pieces had been broken, sent to the best ivory-cutters of Paris to know whether they could make him a piece to replace the broken one, and was informed that a work so elaborate and so delicate could only be executed at the price of sixty dollars. The price of the entire set, in Canton, was thirty dollars, just one-half of the cost at which *one* of the pieces can be imitated here!

The owners of the large telescopes which have taken up their abode in the Pont-Neuf and in the Place Vendome, are making a fortune out of the new comet. The few last specimens of this mysterious class of heavenly walkers, having had no visible tail, were treated with much indifference by the Parisians; but this one, (the *fifth* we have had within sight this year!) being provided with a bright head and a distinctly shiny caudal appendage, has excited the greatest possible interest; though, at the rate at which astronomers are now discovering both comets and planets, it is probable that public curiosity will soon become satiated with regard to them both. All over the civilised world the eyes of the star-gazers seem to be well repaid by the sight of fresh asteroids; but of all the discoverers of planets, who have been so successful in ferreting out the "small game" that appear to abound in such profusion in the region between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars, none have succeeded in "bagging" so many as M. Goldsmith, an artist of this city, who inhabits a sixth-story garret in the Latin Quarter, and who, led by an innate love of the heavens, and possessor of a pretty good telescope, has actually discovered eleven of the small bodies revolving in the midst of the larger ones, formerly supposed to be the only component elements of our solar system. The first of these asteroids was discovered in 1801 by the Sicilian Piazzi; the name of *Ceres*, bestowed by him on the shining little stranger, would almost seem to have been significant of the harvest of similar discoveries destined to follow this one, for there have now been found, catalogued, and classed, no less than fifty-four of these curious bodies, of which eight were the reward of astronomic investigations during 1857.

With how much amazement the *savans* of a few hundred years ago would have opened his eyes to the facts which are now brought within the cognizance of the humblest mortals that throng the crowded thoroughfares of our modern cities! and we, ourselves, so proud of our new planets, our railways, and our electric telegraphs, what ignoramuses should we find ourselves could a magic telescope enable us to take a peep into the science and doings of a few hundred years hence! A reflection which reminds me of an accident which has just happened in the neighborhood of Augsburg, and which shows how far we still are from that knowledge of electricity and its action which shall enable us to make use of this formidable servant without danger to ourselves. A violent thunder-storm, accompanied with rain, having blown down two of the telegraph-posts, but without breaking the wire, one of the overseers of the line, aided by some soldiers of the artillery, repaired to the scene of the accident, and set themselves to getting the posts and the wire into order. Three of these persons having taken hold of the wire to readjust it, received tremendous electrical shocks, the two first being killed instantaneously thereby, and their hands appearing as though much burnt, while the third escaped with his life, though conscious, at the time of the shock, of excruciating pains in the head and upper part of his body.

So great a dearth of theatrical "novelties" as that witnessed by the present season has not been known in Paris for many years. There is no "star" to attract a crowd, and no piece of interest to gratify a theatre-loving public has been brought out for many months, with the sole exception of the translation of *King Œdipus*, just brought out at the Theatre Francais. Classical scholars are in raptures with the fidelity and skill with which this masterpiece of Sophocles has been rendered into French, and as all that French scenic art can do has been lavished on the decorations, costume, and "getting up" of this drama, the public is running in crowds to witness this resuscitation of the world of antiquity, and the piece is evidently destined to be one of the main "features" of the theatrical campaign of the coming winter. Every hint furnished by classical writers respecting the dress, deportment, dancing, and music of old Greece has been diligently gleaned, and the accessories of the representation have been got up as closely as possible in harmony with these indications: but no vague is all that we know of these matters, that Sophocles would doubtless be not a little taken aback could he witness this modern reproduction of his great work. With our modern ideas concerning the division of labor, and the divorce between head and hand that has separated so widely, and in some respects so disadvantageously for both, the spheres of the thinker and the artificer, it strikes one as not a little strange that the immortal author of this dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, as though the mere production of such a work were not enough for one man, was obliged to "knock up" with his own hands, the theatre in which his play was to be enacted, to nail together the boards of his stage, prepare the hangings and decorations, instruct the dancers in the movements they were to perform, put the singers through their various parts, and design the costumes of the actors. In old times a tragic poet—like an artist of the Renaissance—was a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and was compelled, both by the necessities of his position, and the dearth of efficient coadjutors in other departments, to put his hand alike to architecture, painting, music, dancing, and tailoring, as well as to poetry. *As for Sophocles, when in his old age* he found that the vein of poetic inspiration was drying up within him, and that he no longer had a voice for singing, or legs for dancing, we read that he amused himself with making "pumps" for the dancers of his day, and that a pair of "improved" buskins, devised and manufactured by himself, were the last creation of the author of *King Œdipus*.

A civil war has broken out in Stockholm; not, however, of a political nature. It is on the question of crinoline—against which the gentlemen, all Europe over, are now arrayed almost as one man! The inhabitants of that northern capital are now divided into two hostile camps. It appears that the head of the anti-crinolines of that city is a Mr. Lindengren, a gentleman in easy circumstances, who has now devoted his energies and his purse to the work of combatting the prevailing folly. The Stockholm papers inform us that a *pige*, (a young girl of the poorer classes) made her way through the thoroughfares of that city, a few days ago, wearing a crinoline so enormous that it not only completely occupied the width of the pavement, but projected into the part of the street appropriated to vehicles. Such was the embarrassment created by the passage of the *pige*, that the "boys" soon began to follow her with hue and cry; the people in the street, attracted by the shoutings of the "boys," soon flocked about the *pige* and her followers to see what might be the cause of the uproar, and in a short time the street was so completely blocked up that circulation was impossible. The police now hastened to the scene, and marched off the wearer of the obstacle to the nearest station. The *pige*, frightened at this unpleasant termination of her promenade, and dreading lest something tragic should come of it, confessed that she had received the sum of two gold "ounces" from Mr. Lindengren, on condition of her walking all through Stockholm in the colossal crinoline. That gentleman, being sent for by the police authorities and questioned on the subject, fully admitted the truth of the girl's statement, and declared his determination to let loose twenty-five other *pigas*, in crinolines of still more formidable dimensions, who should daily perambulate the streets of the capital as long as the ladies of Stockholm persisted in maintaining the odious and obnoxious fashion. Bets are being taken up all over the town as to which party will hold out the longest; some betting on the obstinacy of the ladies, and others on the perseverance of their opponent! QUANTUM.

Caoutchouc Carriage Wheels.—These wheels are now extensively manufactured in England, and are said to possess several advantages over those hitherto used. They are stated to be less expensive than iron-tyred wheels, and to be capable of travelling as many as twelve thousand miles, whereas an iron-tyred wheel is said to be worn away after travelling four thousand miles. An improvement consists in forming the periphery of the wheels of a dish-like figure, in which the India rubber lies, with a projection in the centre, dipping far down into the wheel, so that as the pressure increases so does security in proportion, and the rubber presents a curved figure to the road, similar to a new half-round tyre. If the objection of excessive wear has been got over by this arrangement, there is little doubt of India-rubber wheels coming into more general use.

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

[Written by J. G. Whittier for the recent Exhibition of the Amesbury and Salisbury Agricultural Society:—]

This day, two hundred years ago.
The wild grape by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear:
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

Oh, Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine

And thanks, that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon, or late, to all that sow
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow
If not on earth, at least in heaven!

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

In my last I engaged to show how it was that we shot pheasants and rabbits on a low, sandy island, opposite Cape Town, known as Robben Island. Robben Island is distant about nine miles seaward of Cape Town, and forms a very fine natural breakwater for Table Bay. In fact, were it not for its presence, Table Bay would be no anchorage at all. It is seven miles in circumference, of an oval form, with indentations attached, and its highest point is 97 feet above the sea. Its formation is a very fine sand, which sticks to one's hands almost like mud, and an inferior order of limestone.—From the latter, lime is burnt and shipped to the opposite shore. The entire circumference of the island is piled with huge boulders and shapeless masses of rock, and an endless and heavy surf rages over them, precluding everything like landing. It seems, however, that an all-seeing Providence, even in the formation of islands, consulted the future wants of His creatures, for after searching long and closely, you find a break in the rocky enclosure, just extensive enough to admit of small boats passing in and out. The island being composed entirely of rocky beach, sand and limestone, is of course not remarkable for fertility. A species of furze, however, sprouts up quite plentifully from the sand to the height of one's knee, and in some of the hollows, weeds and grass are found. Vast numbers of rabbits burrow in the sand, and pheasants by the hundreds run before you as you pass through the furze and grass. Snakes, &c., are unknown. A hospital for the insane has been for some time located upon it, and is spoken of as a most admirable institution. Everything in the shape of provisions for its population of several hundred has to be obtained from Cape Town, and this necessitates the passage to and fro of an "island boat," which makes about three trips per week. As they are sometimes weather-bound for several days, prudence causes them to have constantly on hand a fortnight's provisions. When the "island boat" arrives, she anchors off the mouth of the little cove, and is discharged by the smaller boats. She is then loaded with lime in the same manner. Having now given an idea of "Robben Island," let me refer to my journal for an account of our visit—

Our party consisted of the master, an American merchant captain by the name of Hale, an English gentleman, called G. Alt, an American ditto, known as Blount, myself, our gunner's mate, Nonpareil my sable attendant, a ship's boy, and six men belonging to Captain Hale's ship—our own crew being busy coaling. We took our 1st cutter, guns and ammunition, and *several* lunches, and shoved off amidst 'the jeers and taunts of our opponents.' Sailors seldom go hunting without being thus laughed at.

"They're going to shoot pheasants and rabbits," said one of our messmates, "they had better take the fleet surgeon along, who understands dressing gun-shot wounds."

"Mind how you walk behind Mr. Smith's gun, Nonpareil!" warned an anxious voice.

Nonpareil shook his woolly head, exposed his teeth, shut out about half the white of his eyes, and hugged affectionately two bottles of gin-cocktail, one of which he carried under each arm. We hoisted sail and commenced beating for the island against a head wind.

The "island boat" had started a short time before us, and as it was quite dark when we reached the mouth of the cove, we were glad to run alongside of her, and get her captain to pilot us through the rocks to the beach. It would have been anything but pleasant to have run upon a sunken rock with the surf that was then breaking. As it was, our pilot took the helm and steered us safely through. Before leaving Cape Town we had been furnished with a letter of introduction to Dr. Minto, who had charge of the hospital, and had been informed at the same time that the more violent lunatics were always kept in confinement: still, as we pulled in through the darkness, the breaking surf, and the sunken rocks, and learned from our pilot that the wild crowd we could hear screaming and shouting on the beach *were all lunatics*, we could not but think that we should have been more at ease had we had a little more light on the subject. Mr. G. Alt, who was even nervous under the pressure of "things in general," made no bones of his desire to see more of what was going on before he landed. And even now I cannot blame him, for the cries—even though they be innocent cries—of a crowd of excited lunatics, are anything but pleasant sounds through a dark night. This Mr. G. Alt was a very dry and amusing fellow, in spite of his nervousness and cockney accent, and had afforded us considerable laughter during our passage over. When we would be shooting at the penguins, who were constantly popping their heads above water, or at the gulls, who were all the while sailing around us, he would often open his eyes (being a cockney, he had a habit of shutting them when a gun was fired near him,) after the discharge of one gun, to see another's muzzle pointing directly at him.

"I say, old chap! pon honor! I hope that gun isn't loaded!" he would ask, uneasily.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, A'lt!" would reply the excited owner; "but indeed it couldn't have gone off! I had hold of the trigger and cock both."

"Oh, don't mention it! I *beg* you won't mention it! He *only* had hold of the trigger!"

And then he would chuckle with such evident *feeling*, that the contagion would spread from stem to stern—we, the crew, and even Nonpareil himself.

In justice to Alt, I must say, however, that he did not profess to be fond of either guns or shooting. He had not even provided himself with a gun. He only went "for the pleasure of the thing," he had observed at starting. He only wanted "to see Robben Island and the lunatics." Hale piled insult on injury by alluding dryly to this "pleasure of the thing."

"It's only a part of the *pleasure* of the excursion!" he remarked, as the nervous one rubbed his eyes, after a neighboring discharge, and then opened them to see the other barrel pointing directly at him. Of course he got out of range quickly, as he rejoined—

"Oh, don't mention it! Don't mention it, my dear fellow! I'm 'Toots' now! It's of no consequence! no *possible* consequence!"

"Hurrah! We'll call him 'Toots,'" said Hale—and so we *called* him "Toots." And it was thus that we fired, and joked, and laughed until night overtook us, and until we were nearing the noisy beach, with the captain of the "island boat" at the helm.

"I say, pilot! are those *all* lunatics?" asked Toots, in a tone of half-anxious inquiry.

"Yes, sir! there's two hundred and twenty on-em on the highland, but they never hurts no one. When any on-em gets wicked we ties em up in a straight jacket, or locks em up in the cells."

"Yes! but some on-em might be 'wicked,' and you not know it," remonstrated Toots, in a tone of doubtful inquiry.

"No fear, sir! They never breaks out, unless something uncommon turns up. Then we be on the sharp."

Toots coughed—evidently a relieved cough.

"Isn't it 'something uncommon' for a crowd of strangers to appear suddenly among them on a dark night?" asked Hale with affected gravity.

"Eh! what's that? Don't people often come here?" queried the Nervous One.

"Yes! But you know crazy people forget," continued Hale, gravely. "And as a general rule they are hostile to strangers. Now if they have forgotten the last party that visited them, as far as we are concerned, they may as well never have been visited at all. I'd much prefer going among them by daylight as far as I am individually concerned." He ended by pinching my arm, and carrying his handkerchief to his face.

"How's that, pilot?" anxiously referred Toots.

"Oh, sir! these be hall hinnocent. Hall on 'em. And what's more, we has fifteen keepers to look sharp on 'em if they does break out. We seldom has trouble."

"*Fifteen keepers to two hundred loose lunatics!*" commented Blount, doubtfully. "That's a terrible odds in case of a rise." Toots coughed again. He was evidently what we understand by "half scared." After coughing he moved closer to the pilot. This was "the state of affairs" as the first cutter's stem grated harshly upon the surf-washed beach, and enabled us to distinguish through the deepening gloom a confused mass of jostling, shouting, and apparently curious human beings. Can we any longer call them human beings? What a sad sight is the mind of man in helpless ruin.

"Now, gunner's mate! look out for the cocktail bottles when she rolls!" cautioned Hale, as the surf followed us in successive rollers, swashed against our stern, and cast the boat violently from bilge to bilge.

"Jump out, boys, and haul her up," I exclaimed. "We'll be half full of water in a minute."

"Come up! come up, you lunatics! Haul, you beggars! Haul!" cheered the pilot, as they clustered around us at his summons, and began to apply their wayward power. "You see, sir, they can't *haul together*. They haint got mind enough."

"Ahem!" coughed Toots.

"That's high enough! We can get out from the bow now," said Blount.

"No, sir! you must go on shore on the lunatics' backs. The water is very shelving here," objected the pilot.

"I say! a good joke it would be if one of them was to roll with us," observed Toots, with doubtful joculority.

"I think *I'll* take the gunner's mate," I said.

"Here you are, sir!" exclaimed that giant, as he stood in the knee-deep water and bent his broad shoulders.

"*I'll* wait for him, too," said Toots.

"No you don't!" exclaimed Hale. "You're light weight. A lunatic couldn't carry *me;* I'm too heavy." Toots nevertheless "waited."

A few minutes more and we were all on shore; even with dry boots. Nonpareil also, upon whose thin slippers one of the crew had taken compassion, was thus waded to the beach. The ground upon which we were now landed was covered entirely by a slippery seaweed, which the receding tide had left in great quantities. This slippery vegetable, which was spread loosely over the scattering stones of the inclined beach, formed a most insecure footing as we picked our way over it, and through the crowd of curious idiots. So insecure was it, indeed, that Nonpareil actually slipped down as he stepped nervously away from the peering inspection of a demonstrative lunatic who seemed interested by their similarity of color. It may be well here to say a few words descriptive of Nonpareil. He is an honest, good-natured, industrious, but ace-of-spades like Ethiopian whom I fell in with in the environs of Annapolis, Md., and who applied to go to sea with me in the capacity of "ward-room boy."* He is also truly (I believe) pious, and is seldom therefore in trouble. I think I may even say that he is a general favorite. He is, however, excessively green as regards sea life, etc., which was to be expected from any one going on shipboard for the first time. Let us now return to him and the demonstrative lunatic. He got up very quickly after falling down as he did, and retreated behind Toots, followed by the Kaffir.

"I say! keep off!" exclaimed the unwilling protector, taking a backward step and throwing out his arms at the same time. The "backward step" placed his right heel upon the left toe of Nonpareil's thin slippers, whereby that alarmed African was again thrown from his balance and brought down upon the kelp.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, rubbing himself as he scrambled to his feet. He had evidently been seated upon something harder than kelp.

"Get away! Ahem! I say! Move off!" nervously ejaculated Toots, as the Kaffir, upon all fours, insisted upon fondling his feet and kissing them alternately with a succession of loud smacks.

"I say! Ahem! *Get* out! *What* does the lunatic mean?" queried the distressed one in a manner which said plainer than words—

"I don't want to kick him away because I might *hurt* the poor fellow. And then again he *might* become enraged and *hurt* me. Perhaps it's safer to submit to his attentions." *We all laughed* except Nonpareil, who was making the best of his slippery way to the van of the party. He seemed to have a vague idea that something was wrong, and that he'd be safer on solid ground.

"Look out, Toots! that fellow bites!" exclaimed the master, suddenly.

Toots was really so startled by this information that he confounded the master's voice (as he subsequently acknowledged) with that of the pilot, and became proportionately alarmed. "Eugh! Get away! Eugh!" But the Kaffir rather increased his attentions than otherwise, and was finally only driven off by an alarmed kick, which set him to bouncing about on all-fours like a huge ape, as he imagined himself to be. He finally bounced against me as the next object of his attentions. This, however, caused me no alarm, for the pilot had told me that he was a poor Kaffir who imagined himself an ape, that he had an incurable fancy for kissing the feet of strangers, but that he was really the most harmless of the party. I therefore submitted to his kisses and gyrations with a "non-she-lancy," which excited the most intense admiration in Nonpareil, whom I had called back to his great disgust to get something out of the boat, and then told Toots of *the source of my bravery. The latter at once* drank largely therefrom, and approached nearer to get a good look at "the ape," as he was now called, after which we joined the rest of the party on the sandy part of the beach, where we found them making the acquaintance of some of the "fifteen keepers," who promised to make the lunatics haul our boat up with the windlass, and then sent one of their number to conduct us to the dwelling of Dr. Minto.

Five minutes walking took us to our destination, but the house was dark and cheerless, and after ringing several minutes in vain, we observed to our conductor—"Perhaps the doctor is not at home!" This "perhaps" seemed to make things clear to him, for after replying that they *might* be at Mr. R———'s, he started off on a run, and shortly returned with the object of our search. We now learned that by "they," the keeper had meant the doctor, his wife, and her sister; and farther—that the two latter would soon be along to welcome us. As we were both tired and out of visiting rig, however, we begged that the ladies would not break in upon their "evening out." Our host now started down toward the boat to give directions for preparing us beds, and though we protested loudly that we would prefer sleeping in the open air, he like a sensible man turned a deaf ear to our assertions, left us alone in his snug little parlor, and started off to "take care of us," as he hospitably expressed it. At the end of half an hour he returned and wanted us to take some supper, but this we positively refused.

"Well, then!" he said, "come along, and I will show you your quarters for the night. I have given you one room, and the men another—the best that we can do for you."

We thanked him in a body, and followed toward the boat.

"I believe, doctor, that you don't like the pheasants disturbed," I asked anxiously, as we walked along. For who had heard that any one was welcome to shoot as many rabbits as he could, but that the pheasants were scarce and kept for breeding.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "shoot whatever you can! Make a day of it!"

We were by this time at our quarters; when the doctor apologised for their humbleness, and after smoking a cigar, bade us good night. We threw away our half consumed Manillas, and then laid ourselves upon the large "field bed," where we soon dropped to sleep, determined to make an early start after the unsuspecting rabbits and the wary pheasants. It seems that I have been writing too fast, and that it is my next number which must show how we shot pheasants and rabbits on Robben Island.

* We have a boy allowed by the government to every two or three officers, at a salary of $12,00 per month.

BUDDING POETRY.—We know a little blue-eyed girl of three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arms, at twilight, looking out at the stars.

"Mother," said she, "it is getting dark."

"And what makes it dark, Caroline?" said her mother.

"Because God shuts His eyes," replied the little poet.

WHEREFORE WEEP?

Weep not for Death!
'Tis but a fever stilled,
A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,
A solemn hope fulfilled.
The moonshine on the slumbering deep
Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?

Weep ye for Change!
For earth's pure dews exhaling,
For joy's first tear, for hope's first fear,
For love's first little failing.
Morn's lightest shadows on the seas
Tell us of midnight—weep for these!

Weep not for Death!
The fount of tears is sealed.
Who knows how bright the inward light
To those shut eyes revealed?
Who knows what fearless love may fill
The heart that seems so cold and still?

Weep ye for Life!
For smiles that end in sighing,
For love whose quest hath never rest,
For the heart's hourly dying.
Weep not when silence locks the breath:
Life is the bitterness of Death. S.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

From this time forward the same sad tale repeated about E. Day came, day went, each echoing the report of its predecessor. I felt doubtful how to act. I did not know enough to be sure whether I could once more address her as of old without too seriously agitating her. I knew enough to lead me to surmise that that one communication I longed to make might be the subtle but all potent medicament for which the outworn heart was waiting ere it could assume new strength, and once more reinvigorate the frame. My chief dependance lay in the perfectness of the intuitions of my sister. She knew all, and her woman tact would impart it far better than my rougher faculties.

At length, one inclement January night, Lizzie, in one of her wayward moods, fancied she had some business of great importance to transact with K.'s younger sister. As there were some low dark streets to cross in passing from one part of the town to the other, and the wind and rain came sweeping by at intervals, in gusts too strong for her to protect herself by an umbrella, I went with her. On arriving at the house, instead of waiting for the servant to show us into a room, we walked right forward to that one in which we had seen by the light from the windows that the family were sitting. In a second my volatile guide was in the middle of the apartment and I in the doorway. Toward one end of the room sat reading, Mrs. ———, a fine, cheerful, venerable old lady, but not so decidedly Christian, I *always* imagined, as her daughter. On one side of the ruddy, flickering winter evening fire, nearest me, E.'s young sister was occupied at a work-table. On the other side, in the easy chair of an invalid, sat *herself. Herself! herself! at last! once more!*—like native port to the long-tossed, well-nigh foundered mariner. Herself! the loved—if ever woman yet was loved—the wronged; the almost lost forever! She who had led my soul on, step by step in worship; from the voluptuous elegance of flowers and the fiercely-chased butterfly, on to the spell of the beauty and the life within herself; and yet on through all meaner things, to the deathless friendships of an everlasting life. Io Triumphe! sang my soul. Ere I knew I had moved, she sat clasping my hand in both her own, her head bowed forward, and the long, dark auburn tresses showered like a veil all round the fervent clasp. Io Triumphe! I have found my God, and my Aidenn mate is won! Io Triumphe! yet once more, for that worst part of self-care is for me passed by forever. He never can be poor again whose treasures are such as cannot, because they will not be taken from him!

The "winter wild" had yet to hold its reign for several weeks, and though she seemed now for a few days to amend rapidly, there was still a long period of wearisome confinement to the house before her. However we never left her for many hours together. Not a day would pass but some poor person would accost me and ask about her. The women spoke sadly and softly, and reverently as if they were speaking of a saint; the children gathered and looked up and listened; and more than once or twice I saw the moisture start in eyes that could only have flashed like polished steel in the crash of battle.

At length the winter and the chilliest part of spring were over. We took her to the southern coast of our isle. But even the airs from vine-clad France, and the orange groves of Spain, were too harsh on the margin of the sea, not yet attempered by summer suns. We took her to Windsor, hoping its genial society and quiet courtly scenes and rural neighborhoods might suit her better, with the words of old long-loving friends, and crowds of the gentle and the beautiful ever clasping her to their bosoms. But she kept on slowly fading still. All that we could see was that the fading flower was still the loveliest of the whole parterre.

After awhile she returned home. Scarcely had she done so ere a large blood vessel gave way. All that the skill and care of the surgeons could achieve through some hours barely sufficed to prolong her life. It was Heaven's good pleasure (ever the wisest) that I should be away, having returned to Windsor on some business. Critical as was her state she must write a few lines in pencil at the end of my sister's letter respecting her:—

"I was not frightened at all. I felt quite happy all the time. W., (her brother,) with all his off-hand courage and habituation to such sights in the hospitals was as pale as a corpse, and trembled like a leaf; and as for S——, his tears fell into the basin once or twice almost as fast as the crimson stream from my mouth. Oh! that priceless book! that Word of God. What has it not done for me? A few years ago how I should have been terrified to die! But now this dying has become quite another thing. I feel that dying cannot change my thoughts. It has nothing to do with my mind. It cannot affect my emotions and feelings. In losing this poor worn out body I feel that I shall become more than ever the possessor of myself. Nothing can quench my love of God. I shall love Him as I breathe my last. And so to pass into eternity will be to awake in Heaven, and in His presence forevermore."

Again an apparent amendment took place. But we were not deceived by it. We now knew what the case was and comprehended the diagnosis.

I had undertaken to manage some affairs in London, which required almost daily consideration, and was fearful every time I left her that I should see her in this world no more. I asked her whether it was best to let it go on so, or whether she preferred to come on to London. She said she wished to die with me.

I found a house in the suburbs which I knew would suit her well. It was an old mansion, built soon after the Elizabethan times, with ample grounds, and an outlook on the winter fields and hills behind, and the crowded pavements of a large square in front. The two young girls as bridesmaids, went with us.

"How can I bear to dwell below,
And think of those fair realms above,
Where living waters gently flow,
And walk in light the friends I love."

How could I think of those calm, blissful days, if it were not that along with their remembrance there always recurs the impression that in the vast intricate faultless plan of the omniscient Lord, those days were given as a token of what His hand will do hereafter in the place where "eye hath not seen, or ear heard, or it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive the things He hath prepared." We called not in our "rich friends and neighbors;" but we waited on many of our Master's company, "the poor, the blind, the halt, the maimed"—the abandoned, the shame-clad, the comfortless. We needed but to look from our windows to find them.

But the end was nearer than we deemed. On the last night of the year I reached home very late, after one of those long wearing days which have become a sort of imperative custom of the life of business men in London. It was in short past midnight. The young girls were sitting speechless and sad, by the almost extinguished fire, the supper-table untouched: E. reclining on an ottoman in the coldest part of the room. She had had a terrible attack of coughing without expectoration, which had almost suffocated her. I inquired if she had not better have the physician sent for. She took the slate which she used, to avoid too much speaking, and wrote on it "*Read me a Thanksgiving Psalm.*" That was all the help she wanted.

More than usually weary that night, I soon slept deeply on my camp-bed at her feet, after I had heard her breathing placidly, as I supposed, in sleep. All was well again, I thought, for a time. And as that high-souled Shunamite woman said, so it was well. But in the *course of an hour or two* some undue sound aroused me; and looking round I saw my poor invalid trying in vain to get up on her bed. She had been to open the door to give herself *some fresh air. Having replaced her in comfort, I slept again. After that I did not wake* till morning. But I have ever a dreamy recollection of hearing through my sleep, a low, rattling sound of the throat, going on, and on, and on for a considerable time.

In the morning she seemed much as usual, and took and seemed to enjoy the ordinary refreshment she was accustomed to before rising. Not a word of intimation did she utter of the solemn prognosis of the night. By and by, I being at the further end of the room, she said something to me which I did not fully hear. Going across to her, I inquired what she said. Looking at me with the most perfect intelligence, she repeated it slowly and distinctly, "*Kiss me.*" I leaned down and kissed her forehead. As I gently raised myself again, there seemed to have come a peculiar expression into her eyes. They seemed to be fixed on something *beyond* the window. I turned to look what might be there. Nothing but great snow-flakes tossed on the winter storm. I turned again. Only an instant had passed; and without one groan, or sigh, or struggle, or pang, or so much as the disturbance of a muscle, or change of the position of a finger of her clasped hands as they rested on her breast; loving and beloved to the last; carrying the last kiss of earthly affection with her into the very gate of Heaven—she had passed to the "land of the leal."

Lizzie soon afterwards became a professor of Christism, which, indeed, she had practised long before she professed it—a far better way than the obverse and ordinary one.

For my own part, all I can do, or (to confess the fact) much care to think about, is to labor every day to become a better man, humbly hoping that God, in his great mercy and pity, will finally give me full success, and pronounce my admission into the dominions of his Son, our ever to be adored Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. THE END.

[Certain notes to "Religio Christi," interesting in themselves, though not directly connected with the narrative, we design publishing next week.—ED. POST.]

ORIENTAL WIT.—A young man going a journey, intrusted a hundred *dcenars* to an old man: when he came back, the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Khazee. "Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?" "Under a tree." "Take my seal and summon that tree," said the Judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal." The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone some time, the Khazee said to the old man, "He is long—do you think he has got there yet?" "No," said the old man; "it is at some distance; he has not got there yet." "How knowest thou, old man," cried the Khazee, "where that tree is?" The young man returned, and said the tree would not come. "He has been here, young man, and given his evidence—the money is thine."—*Noble's Orientalist.*

MISPLACED KINDNESS.

It is many years since the following was afloat. It is too good to lie stranded, and we start it again upon the tide, not doubting that it will have a good run:

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself one day, when travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road-side. Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him:

"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles," and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping-place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package, in a few days, provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that old woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station; I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes."

"Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained *all* my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me! what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of, and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well!" again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman.

"Know him! I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman; "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.—I observed (says Abbe Domeneck) that when I began to preach, several Frenchmen and young Creoles, having no great love for sermons, left the church and went to walk in my garden, where they amused themselves by making bouquets of my choicest flowers. For some time I sought an expedient which, without wounding the lively sensibilities of these gentlemen, would oblige them to remain in the church and respect my flowers. I found a very simple means of arriving at my end without betraying my intentions. In the menagerie, which I got up by degrees, was a fine looking wild boar, which I had trained up as a watch dog. On my going to say high mass, I let him loose in the garden. At the sight of this new warder, the marauders made off with all possible speed, and returned to the church patiently to hear the sermon.

LOVING AND LOVE-MAKING.—The power of loving and the power of making love I take to be two very distinct gifts, seldom found united in one individual. They resemble, respectively, the power of thinking and the power of talking, and one would not be much surprised to find that the number of people who can make love without feeling it, is proportionate to that of the number of people who can (and will) talk without thinking. But do not let us be savage: do not let us be dissatisfied with these arrangements of nature. Bless us all, what sort of a world would it be if nobody sighed and whispered unless he had a passion at his heart, and if nobody question and answered unless he had a brain in his head!—*The Gordian Knot, by Shirley Brooks.*

MARION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Warm fell the impassioned rays of sun
On hill-brows crowned with golden grain,
And on the trees each side the lane,
Reddening the cherries one by one.

The sea-waves sang a cradle tune,
Or murmured their mysterious lore
To the low-lying languid shore
Softly through all the afternoon.

Swinging her bonnet in her hand,
And trilling dainty throbs of song,
The little Marion tripped along
To gather shells on the sea sand.

Tired reapers resting in the shade,
Almost forgot fatigue and heat,
In listening to those echoes sweet,
And watching where her footsteps strayed.

Her father from his dusty mill
Looked out, and seeing her, he cried,
"My darling, you must watch the tide,"
She kissed her hand, and said, "I will."

But as she vanished from his sight,
An undefinable unrest
Rose phantom-like within his breast
And filled him with a vague affright.

Slow from the bright West died the day,
The melancholy night came on:
The reapers from the fields were gone,
But Marion had not crossed their way.

The busy mill had ceased its hum,
The miller left his bags of grain,
And homeward hurried down the lane,
Wondering if Marion were come.

His wife sat spinning at the door,
She looked to him with greeting smile.
"And where is Marion all the while,"
She asked—he waited for no more,

But hurried breathless to the strand:
The risen tide was roaring there;—
No trace of Marion anywhere—
Not even a foot-print in the sand.

At last he sees her!—vain deceit—
He recognizes with a groan
What yonder mocking wave hath thrown—
A little bonnet at his feet.

* * * * * *

That night upon the lonely shore,
Two brows were bound with crowns of thorn;
Dreading, yet hoping for, the morn,
Two hearts a woeful burden bore.

Morn came; her first faint light revealed
A little form with dripping curls,
With lips and cheek that rivalled pearls,
A little form whose fate was sealed.

Pittsburg, Pa. ELEANOR BERESFORD.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

But to go on with my narrative. My uncle and aunt came down to reason me out of my folly, as they called it; and uncle thought he held a very persuasive argument, for he told me he felt it *indelicate* for me to intrude myself and my fondness on a husband who had shown he did not value it, and had chosen to escape from me.

"But I did not *mean* to intrude upon him," I replied; "I meant to be concealed in Paris, and with Alice and Juan to attend me; I fear nothing for myself; nor need you fear for me."

"What!" cried my aunt, "be in Paris, and not let the vile man know you are there? *I* should discover myself, if it were only for the sake of reproaching him; for *I* should treat him very differently, I assure you. *I* should show him,

> "Earth has a rage with love to hatred turned,
> And love has fury by a woman spurned."

"But you are not *Helen*, my dear," said my uncle, meekly sighing, as he always did over her misquotations; and still he argued, and I resisted, when I obtained an unexpected assistant in our kind physician.

"My dear sir," said he, "if your niece remains here in compliance with your wishes, I well know that her mind and her feelings will prey upon her life, and ultimately destroy it, if they do not unsettle her reason. But if she is allowed to be active, and to indulge at whatever risk her devoted affection to her husband, depend on it she will be well and comparatively happy; nor do I see that she runs any great risk. She is an American; her two servants are the same, and are most devotedly attached to her; and I give my opinion, both as a physician and a friend, that she had better go."

Oh, how I loved the good old man for what he said! and my uncle and aunt were now contented to yield the point; but my uncle insisted on defraying all my expenses.

"They will be trifling," said I; "for I shall not choose to travel as a lady, but to dress as plainly, travel as cheaply, and attract as little attention as I can."

This he approved; but, in case I should want money to purchase services either for myself or my husband, he insisted on my sewing into my dress ten bank notes of a hundred pounds each; and I accepted them in case of emergencies, as I thought I had no right to refuse what might be of service to my husband.

"Would I were not an old man!" said my uncle; "then you should not *go alone*, Helen."

But I convinced him that any English friend would only be a detriment to me.

Lord Charles Belmour, on hearing of my design, left London, and the career of dissipation in which he was more than ever engaged, to argue with me, to expostulate with me, to *entreat* that I would not go, and risk my precious life, which no man living was worthy to have sacrificed for him, and then burst into tears of genuine feeling when he bade me adieu, wishing that "Heaven had made *him* such a woman;" and, while envying the husband of a virtuous wife, went back and renewed his course of error.

At length, the day of my departure arrived; and, plainly attired, I set off for the port of Great Yarmouth, attended by my two faithful servants.

Juan and Alice were both slaves on part of our American property; but they were born on the estate of a French proprietor; therefore French was their native tongue, which was a fortunate circumstance. As soon as my father was their master, he made them free, and they became man and wife. They had lived with my mother ever since. She, as I before said, had desired they should be made independent for life. It is no wonder, therefore, the faithful creatures were devoted to the daughter of their benefactress, and I had the most cheering confidence in the tried sagacity as well as integrity of both. Their color, you know, is what is called mulatto, and their appearance was less distinguished by ugliness than is usually the case with such persons.

I thought it necessary to give this little history of two beings whom I learnt to love even in my childhood, and who, in the season of my affliction, added to that love, the feeling of interminable gratitude.

Well, behold us landed at Altona, and designated in our passports, as Mrs. Helen Pendarves, and Juan and Alice Duval, Americans. After tedious journeys in the carts of the country, and sometimes in its horrible wagons, behold me also arrived in the metropolis of blood, passports examined and approved, and all my greatest difficulties at an end. So relieved was my mind, when everything was arranged, and I had hitherto gotten on so well, that my affectionate companions observed with delighted wonder that my cheek glowed and my eyes sparkled once more; but cautious Juan advised me to hide my face as much as possible, for there were no such faces in Paris, he believed. When, however, I found myself in Paris, when I knew that the being I loved best was there, and yet I dared not seek him, sorrow destroyed my recovered bloom again, and tears dimmed my eyes. Yet still I felt a strange overpowering satisfaction in knowing that I was *near* him; and when we had found out his abode, I thought that I could perhaps contrive to see him, myself unseen. But I found a letter addressed to me, *poste restante*, which not only dimmed the brightness of my prospects, but damped much of my enthusiastic ardor in the task which I had undertaken, and even abated some of my tenderness for Pendarves: for I could no longer shut my eyes to the nature of his attachment to Annette Beauvais.

My uncle told me in his letter that Lord Martindale was returned to London, but could not stay there, and was on his way to America; that he had met him in a shop; that, on hearing his name, Lord Martindale had the effrontery to introduce himself, and thanked him for having enabled him so easily to get rid of a mistress of whom he was tired.

"Indeed," said he, "I am much obliged to the family of Pendarves; for the uncle forces my mistress to go back to her native place, and the nephew takes her off my hands, and under his own protection."

"And I have the honor to assure you, sir," said he, "that if you visit Paris, and the Rue Rivoli, *numero* 22, you will there find your nephew, romantically happy with a most fascinating *chere amie* who had once the honor of bearing my name."

"I turned from him," adds my uncle, "with disgust, as you, I hope, will turn from your unworthy husband, and come back, my dearest niece, to your affectionate and anxious uncle."

For one moment I felt inclined to obey his wishes—my husband really living with an abandoned woman, as her avowed protector! wife, country, reputation, sacrificed for her sake!

Horrible and disgusting it was indeed! But I soon recollected, that if it was really a duty in me to come to Paris for his sake at all, it was equally a duty now, for his criminality could not destroy his claims on my duty; nor could his breach of duty excuse the neglect of mine. In short, whether love or conscience influenced me, I know not, but I resolved to stay where I was. And so he was in the Rue Rivoli! I was glad to know where he was, but I did not, as before, wish to see him, and even gaze on him unseen. No: I felt him degraded, and I thought that I should now turn away if I met him.

We took a pleasant and retired lodging on the Italian Boulevards; but I soon found that in this situation we were not likely to learn any tidings of Pendarves; and by the time we had been ten days at Paris, Juan and I resolved, having first *felt our way*, to put a plan which we had formed into execution.

It was absolutely necessary that we should have opportunities of knowing what was going forward in public affairs, in order to learn the degree of safety or of danger in which Pendarves was; and if Madame Beauvais had really been a spy in London for the Convention, she must be connected with the governing persons in Paris.

Accordingly, we hired a small house which had stood empty some time, in a street through which most of the members of the National Convention were likely to pass in their way to and fro. The street-door opened into a front parlor, and that into a second parlor; of this, with a kitchen and two chambers, consisted the whole of the house. Humble as it was, I assure you it was on the plan of one which Robespierre occupied in the zenith of his power.

The windows of the front parlor Juan converted into a sort of shop-window; and as he and his wife were both good bakers, they filled it with a variety of cakes, which they called *gateaux republicains;* and it was not long before, to our great joy, they obtained an excellent sale for their commodity. This emboldened us to launch out still more; and in hopes that our shop might become a sort of resting and lounging-place to the men in power as they passed, Juan put a coat of paint on the outside of the house, converted the parlor into a complete shop, and at length put a notice over the door in large tri-color letters, importing that at such hours every day plum and plain pudding *a l'Americaine* was to be had *hot*, as well as *gateaux republicains*.

If this *affiche* succeeded, there was a *cisace* of Juan's hearing something relative to the objects of our anxiety from the members of the Convention, while I myself, hidden behind the glass-door of the back-parlor, might also overhear some, *to me*, important conversation. At any rate, it was worth the trial; and experience proved that the scheme *was* not so visionary as at first appeared.

It was not without considerable emotion that I saw our shop opened, and business prospering. Never, surely was there a more curious and singular situation than mine. Think of me, the daughter of an American loyalist, living an unprotected woman in the metropolis of republican France, and helping to make puddings and cakes for the members of the National Convention!

Though I have never paused in my narrative to mention politics, still you cannot suppose that I was ignorant of what was passing on the great theatre of the Continent, nor that the names of the chief actors in it were unknown to me. On the contrary, I often beguiled my lonely hours with reading the accounts of the proceedings at Paris; had mourned not only over the fate of the royal family, but had deplored the death of those highly-gifted men, and that great though mistaken woman (Madame Roland,) in whom I fancied that I perceived some of the republican virtue to which others only pretended; and though far from being a republican myself, I could not but respect those who, having adopted a principle, however erroneous, acted upon it consistently. But with Brissot and his party ended all my interest in the public men of France, though their names were familiar to me, and aversion and dread were the only feelings which they excited.

Therefore, when, on the first of February, 1794, we opened a shop for puddings and cakes, and I, through the curtain of a glass-door, saw it thronged with customers, some of whom I concluded were regicides and murderers, my heart died within me. I felt as if I stood in the den of wild beasts, and I wished myself again in safe and happy England.

Juan was frequently asked a number of questions by his customers; such as who he was, and whence he came, and how long he had been there; and his answer was, that he was born in America, and born a slave, and so was his little wife, but a good master made him free.

"Bravo! and *Vive la liberte!* and you are like us; we were slaves, now we are free," always shouted the deluded people to whom he thus talked.

Juan used to go on to say that he had heard his master was in France, and poor, and so they left America, and came to work for him (applauses again;) but that he found he was dead.

"And so," said he, "as I liked Paris, we resolved to stay here, and make nice things for the republicans in Europe."

This tale had its effect; Juan was hailed as the *bon citoyen* Duval, and promised custom and protection.

"Oh! dear Miss Helen," cried Juan, (as he usually called me,) "what bloody dogs some of them look! No doubt some of them were members of Parliament. They govern a nation indeed, who were such fools as to be so easily taken in by my story! Paha! *I* should make a better Parliament-man myself."

At length we saw some of the distinguished men.

Juan heard one of the party call two of the others Hebert and Danton; and he made an excuse to come in and tell me which was which. I looked at them, and was mortified to find that Danton was so pleasant-looking.

When they went away, which they did not do till they had eaten largely, and commended what they ate, a wild, singularly-looking man entered the shop, in all the dirty and negligent attire of a *sans culotte*, and desired a plum-pudding *a l'Americaine* to be set before him; declaring that had it been *a l'Anglaise* he could not have eaten it, as it would have tasted of the slavery of that wretched grovelling country, England. When the pudding was served, he talked more than he ate, and made minute inquiries into the history of Alice and Juan; but when he heard who and what they were, he ran to them, and insisted on giving each the fraternal embrace—"for I," said he, "am Anacharsis Cloots! the orator of the human race; and dear to my heart is the injured being who was born in servitude. Blessed be the memory of the master who broke your chains!"

He then resumed his questions, and, to my great alarm, desired to know if they lived alone in the house. Juan, off his guard, replied,

"No; we have a lodger."

"Indeed! let me see him."

"Him! 'tis a woman."

"Better and better still! Let me see *her*, then. Is she young and handsome?"

"Alas! poor woman! she is sick to death!"

"Well, let me see her; I will cure her."

"You, citizen? Oh, no! she will never be cured."

"Yes, I tell you. Where is she? I will absolutely make her acquaintance."

"Impossible. She is in bed."

"What does that signify?"

"Our ladies never receive visits in bed."

"What nonsense! But tell me her name, and all that."

And Juan told him that I was the relation of his benefactor; that I was in reduced circumstances, having had a bad husband; and that he and his wife had taken me to live with them, and never would desert me.

"*O les braves gens!*" exclaimed he. But what an agony I endured all this time! Afraid that this mad-headed enthusiast would really insist on paying me a visit, I ran up stairs, put on my green spectacles, which Juan insisted on my buying, (for he really thought me a perfect beauty, and that all who looked must love); then tied up my face in a handkerchief, pulled over it a slouch cap, and lay down on the bed, drawing the curtains round. But Alice came to tell me the strange man was gone. He declared, however, that the next time he came, he would see *la pauvre malade*.

But fortunately we never saw him again, except when he stopped in company with others, and was too much taken up in laying down the law for the benefit of the human race, to remember an individual.

You will not be surprised when I tell you, that slight as was my knowledge of the persons of Hebert and Anacharsis Cloots, and little as I had heard of their voices, still, the circumstances of having seen their faces and heard them speak, made all the difference between rejoicing at their deserved fate and regretting it. They were guillotined during the course of the next month; and I shuddered when I heard they were no more, catching myself saying "Poor men!" very frequently during the rest of the day.

I could give you some interesting details of many events that now happened in affecting succession; but they have been painted by abler hands than mine; I shall only say further, concerning our shop-visitors, that more than once the great Dictator himself took shelter there from a shower of rain, and ate a *gateau republicain*. When he first came, Juan, who had seen him often before, sent Alice to tell me who he was; and I cannot describe the sensation of horror with which he inspired me; for nature there had made the outside equally ugly with the inside. He asked many questions of Juan, relative to who he was, and whence and why he came; and I saw his quick and restless eye looking suspiciously round, as if he feared an unseen dagger on every side; and so watchful and observant was his glance, that I retreated from the curtain lest he should see me. I was also terrified to perceive that my poor Juan was not so much at his ease with *him*, and did not tell his story with so steady a voice as usual. But perhaps, like Louis the Fourteenth, Robespierre was flattered with the consciousness of inspiring awe. Juan was, however, a little relieved by the entrance of Danton, who spoke to him as an old acquaintance; on which Robespierre turned to Danton and said,

"Then *you know* these people?"

"Yes—and their puddings, too. Do I not, citizen?" he good-naturedly replied; and soon after, Robespierre and he departed together.

Certain it is, that I breathed more freely after they were gone.

Not long after this, Danton and Camille des Moulins came together; and though they spoke very low, Juan heard them talk of *la citoyenne Beauvais*, and then they talked of her handsome American Englishman, (so it was clear they knew who my husband really was,) and they whispered and laughed. We then heard the name of Colonel Newton, an Englishman by birth, who had served in foreign armies all his life, and had the melancholy distinction of being the only British subject who was put to death by the guillotine.* But Juan heard him mentioned by these men, and soon after we knew he was arrested; for Juan was in the habit of frequenting the Palais Royal and its gardens in an evening, and other places of public resort, and there he was sure to hear the news of the day. At first, he only heard that an Englishman was arrested; and his emotion was such, that if any one had looked at him it must have been perceived; but no one noticed him; and presently some one named Colonel Newton as the conspirator who had been denounced and imprisoned.

Was Pendarves acquainted with this unfortunate man? We could not tell; but certain it was, that the awful *lips* which mentioned the one had named the other.

In another month, Danton and Camille des Moulins were themselves no more! and fell with many others who were obnoxious to the tyrant; and again I wished that I had not seen or heard them.

As I never went out till it was quite dark, the great seclusion in which I lived injured my health. Since the death of Hebert, indeed, I was not so cautious, as I could wear a hat; but while he lived, he had decreed that every head-dress was *aristocrat*, except the peasants' cap.

Juan went, therefore, to find a lodging for me for a week or two, near or in the Champs Elysees, and in so retired a spot, that, with my green spectacles, and otherwise a little disguised, my guardian declared he allowed me to walk even in a morning.

Alice accompanied me, and Juan promised to come and tell us every evening what was going forward. During my abode in this pretty place, Juan arrived one evening a good deal agitated, and I found that he had seen Pendarves.

"Did he see you?"

"Oh, no! he saw no one but—"

"His companion, I suppose. Was Madame Beauvais with him?"

"She was, and her little dog; and the beast would not come at her call; and then she was uneasy, and so *he* took up the nasty animal, and carried it in his arm. I could have wrung its neck."

"It is a nice clean animal," replied I, trying to speak cheerfully. "But how did he look, Juan?"

"Well, madame—too well!" said the faithful creature, turning away in agony to think he *could* look well under his circumstances.

"You see he is not yet arrested," said I; "and for that I am thankful."

One night—the night before we were to return to our house—Juan disappointed us, and did not come at all. You, who have always lived in dear and quiet Britain, cannot form to yourself an idea of the agitation into which this little circumstance threw us. We could not fancy he was ill: that was too common-place and too natural a circumstance to occur to the heated imaginations of women accustomed, as we were, to tales of terror and blood; and we thought no less than that he had been suspected, denounced, arrested, and would be *jugé a mort*. What a night of misery was ours! Early in the morning, however, Alice set off for Paris, conjuring me on her knees not to come with her, as Juan thought it unsafe for me to walk in the street unprotected; and promising to come back directly, if anything alarming had happened. I therefore allowed her to depart without me; but though her not returning was a proof that all was right, according to our agreement, I was half distracted when hour succeeded to hour, and she did not return; till, at last, unable to bear my suspense any longer, I set off for Paris, and reached the Place de la Revolution (as it was then called,) just as an immense crowd was thronging from all parts and around me, to a spot already filled with an incalculable number of persons. In one instant, I recollected that what I beheld in the midst must be the guillotine, and I tried to turn back, but it was impossible. I was hurried forward with the exulting multitude; and just as the horrible snap of the murderous engine met my now tingling ears, I heard from the shouts of the mob that the victim was the Princess Elizabeth! Self-preservation instinctively prompted me to catch hold of the person next me, to save myself from falling, which would have been instant death—and the aid I sought was yielded to me; and while a noise of thunder was in my ears, and my eyes were utterly blinded with horror and agonizing emotion, a kind but unknown voice said in French, "Poor child! I see you are indeed a stranger here. We natives are used to these sights now:" and he sighed, as if use had not however entirely blunted his feelings.

"But why did you come to see such a sight?"

"Oh! I knew nothing of it, and was going home."

"Poor thing! Well; but shall I see you home—if you can walk?"

I now looked up, and saw that my kind friend was only a lowly citizen, and wore a Jacobin cap; and I was still shrinking from allowing his further attendance, though I trembled in every limb, and felt sick unto death; when, as the crowd dispersed, I saw Juan and Alice coming towards me: in another moment I was in her arms, where I nearly fainted away.

"This is unfortunate," said the *citoyen:* "her illness may be observed upon, as it was a Bourbon who died, and she may be fancied no friend to the republic. What is best to be done?"

While he said this, I recovered, and begged to go home directly; but I could not walk without the aid of my Jacobin friend, who insisted on seeing me safe home, and we thought it the best way to consent.

On our way, the *citoyen* exclaimed, "Oh! there he is himself!" and we saw the dreaded Robespierre hastily approaching us. He desired to know what was the matter with that woman; and neither Juan nor Alice had recollection enough to reply; but our friend did instantly, taking off his cap as he spoke: "The poor woman, *citoyen*, was nearly crushed in the crowd, and would have been trodden to death. Only see how she trembles still! She has not been able to speak a word yet."

"Oh! that is the case, is it?" said he, surveying me with a most scrutinising glance. "It is well for her I find her in such good company, Benoit."

He then departed, and we recovered our recollection.

He was no sooner gone, than, to my great surprise, I saw Juan seize our companion's hand, while he exclaimed, "You! are you Benoit?"

"To be sure; what then?"

"Why then, you God for ever bless that's all! For many poor wretch bless you; and now, but for you, what might have become of *her?*"

"How!" cried Alice; "is this the kind jailor of the Luxemburg? Oh, dear! how glad I am to see you!"

It was indeed Benoit; who, at a period when to be cruel seemed the only means to be safe, lightened the fetters which he could not remove, and soothed to the best of his power the horrors of a prison and of death.

A feeling which he could not help, but certainly not one of joyful anticipation, led him to witness the death of the royal victim; and my evident horror instantly interested and attached him to my side. This good man attended us home, and we had great pleasure in setting before him all our little stores: but *he could not eat them*, he said; and as he spoke, he sighed deeply. However, he assured us he would come and eat with us some other day: then desiring us to take heed and not go to see sights again, he ran off, saying he had been absent too long.

What a mercy it was that Benoit was with us when we met the tyrant! We also rejoiced that he did not see or did not recognize Juan and Alice: but after this unfortunate rencontre we did not feel ourselves as safe as we did before, and dreaded every day to see him enter the shop.

I now desired to know the reason of Juan's not coming to us, and I found that his too great care had exposed me to even a far *worse* agony than that from which he wished to preserve me. The truth was, he heard that poor Madame Elizabeth was to be executed the next day: fearing, therefore, that he should be betrayed into saying so, and wishing me not to know of it till all was over, as he knew how interested I was in her fate, he resolved to stay away, not supposing we should be alarmed; and he and Alice could not return to me sooner, as the way led over the very spot which they wished to avoid. Besides, Alice had told me her not returning was a good sign. Well! this agony was past; but I had seen and met the suspicious eye of the tyrant, and it haunted me wherever I went. For my own life, indeed, I had no fear; and imprisonment, I thought, was all I had to dread, though poor Juan insisted on it that the wretch saw, spite of my dowdy appearance, that I was a handsome woman; and he thanked Heaven at the close of every day, that no Robespierre had visited us. Another evening Juan returned in much agitation from his walk, but I saw it was of an opposite nature to that which he experienced at sight of Pendarves: and on inquiry I found that he had, as he said, met that *good* young man, Count De Walden.

"Indeed!" exclaimed I; "and did he see you?" and does he know I am in Paris?"

"No, he did not see me; and without your leave I dared not tell that you were here; so I thought it best not to speak to him."

I felt excessively disappointed; but after some moments of reflection I recollected that it would be *cruel* and *selfish* to force myself, in a situation so interesting and so anxious, on one who on principle had so recently left the place in which I was; and I told Juan he had done quite right.

"However," said I, "it is a comfort to me to know that I have a protector near."

"Ay; but not for long!"

"No! but what could bring a man like him to this den of wickedness and horrors? Some good purpose, no doubt."

"I suspect so: for I saw him in close conversation with Barrere and others, and I overheard him say, 'But can you give me no hope? I want excessively to return home; still, while there is a chance of Colonel Newton's being saved, I will stay.' Barrere, I believe, said all hope was over; for the count cast up his eyes mournfully to heaven, and retired."

Till I heard this, I was inclined to suspect that my uncle had written to say I was here, and that he came on my account.

I shall now relate the motive of his journey; the object of it was connected with the fate of my husband.

A man of the name of Beauvais was executed with Danton and other supposed conspirators in the preceding April. This man was the father of Annette Beauvais; and she would have been denounced and executed with her father, had not one of Robespierre's tools become exceedingly enamoured of her, and for his sake she was spared. But Colonel Newton having been known to be rather intimate with Beauvais, and having also dared, like a free-born Englishman and a man of independent feelings, to reproach the tyrant with his cruelty, he was accused, imprisoned, and condemned to death. It was on *his account* that De Walden came to Paris. By some means or other, Newton informed him of his situation; and as he had known him in Switzerland, and greatly esteemed him, he hastened to try whether by solicitation, interest, or money, he could procure his acquittal or escape; but he tried in vain. As vain also were the efforts made—to do her justice—by Madame Beauvais herself. The wretch to whom she applied was made jealous of Newton by her earnest entreaties for his life; and his doom was consequently rendered only more certain. He also tauntingly bade her to take care of her own life and that of her American Englishman, assuring her she would not find it an easy matter to do that long. Nor did he threaten in vain; for, though she admitted his addresses and received his splendid presents, she still persisted in living with the infatuated Pendarves, who believed her constancy equal to her pretended love. The consequence was, that an accusation was brought against my husband for getting to Paris on false pretences, and as being a dangerous person; for, though he was born in America, his father was a loyalist, not a republican, and had fought, they found, against the republican arms; and his mother was that offensive thing a woman of quality and a nobleman's daughter. There were other charges equally *strong*; and even in the presence of his vile companion, Pendarves was arrested, and condemned for the present to be confined *en secret* in the Luxemburg.

He bore his fate with calmness; for he expected that she who had caused his imprisonment would be eager to share and to enliven it; but that was beyond the heroism of a *mistress*. She was not willing to prefer to fine apartments and liberty, love and a prison with him; but while he, agonized at her desertion—for she bade him a cold and final farewell—was borne away into confinement, she was led away smiling and in triumph by her now avowed protector!

All these circumstances I did not know at first—I only knew the result; which was imparted to me by the trembling Juan, who had seen Pendarves led away, had seen her farewell, and had vainly tried to make himself observed by him, that *he might know he had a friend at hand.*

"A friend!" cried I, with a flushed cheek, but with a trembling frame; "he shall know that he has the *best* of friends, a *wife*, near him!" and instantly, taking no precaution to conceal my person in any way, for I thought not of myself, I hastened rapidly along, Juan with difficulty keeping pace with me, till I reached the Luxemburg.

"Whom do you want?" said a churlish man on duty.

"Seymour Pendarves."

"You can't see him; he is *au secret*."

"Oh! but I must! Do let me speak to the *Citoyen* Benoit, and ask him to let me enter."

"You are very earnest; and perhaps he will let you."

"Who shall I say wants to be admitted to this Pendarves?"

"His wife."

"His wife! Well," added he, respectfully, "wives should not be kept from their husbands when they seek them in their distress."

He then went in search of Benoit, who appeared with his keys of office.

"*Citoyen*," said he, "here is a wife wants to see her husband."

"I fear she is an aristocrat, then," replied Benoit, smiling and approaching us.

"Ha!" cried he, "is it you? What is become of your spectacles? And do you want to see your *husband*, poor thing? Who is he?"

I told him. He shook his head, saying to himself—"Who could have supposed he had a wife, and such a one too!"

"*Citoyenne*," said he, "you cannot see your husband to-night, nor shall he know you are here; but to-morrow, at nine in the morning, I will admit you. Yes, and *for your sake*, I will show him all the indulgence I can. So it was for this, was it, you came to Paris? I thought there was a mystery. Good girl! good girl!"

So saying, he walked hastily away, and we returned to our home, at once *disappointed* and *cheered*.

Oh! how I longed for the light of morning! Oh! how I longed to exhibit the superiority of the wife over the mistress! With what pleasure I anticipated the joy, mixed with shame and sorrow, no doubt, but still triumphant over every other feeling, with which Pendarves would behold and receive me! How he would value this proof of tenderness and duty! while I should fondly assure him that all was forgotten and all forgiven! So did I paint the scene to which I was hastening. Such were the hopes which flushed my cheek and irradiated my countenance.

At length the appointed hour drew near; and I had just reached the gates of the Luxemburg, had just desired to be shown to Benoit, when I looked up and beheld De Walden!

"You here?" cried he, turning pale as death.

* See Mrs. Williams's Letters.

"Oh, Helen! dear, rash friend! why are you in Paris? Speak."

Here he paused, trembling with emotion. I was little less affected; but making a great effort, I faultered out, "My *husband* is prisoner here, and I am going to him."

De Walden clasped his hands together, and was silent; but his look declared the agony of his mind.

Benoit now came to conduct me in; and De Walden, taking Juan's arm, led him apart.

"Have you told him I am here?" said I, turning very faint, alarmed, now the moment was come which I had so delightedly anticipated.

"No: I have told him nothing."

He now put the key into a door at the bottom of a long, narrow, dark passage, and it turned on its heavy and grating hinges.

"Some one desires to see you," said Benoit, *gruffly*, to hide his kind emotion; and I stood before my long estranged husband. But where was the look of gladness? where the tone of *welcome*, though it might be mingled with that of less pleasant sensations? He started, turned pale, pressed forward to meet me; but then exclaiming, in a faltering voice, "Is it you, Helen? Rash girl! why do I see you here?" he sunk upon his miserable bed, and hid his face from me. I stood motionless, pale, and silent as a statue. Was this the scene which I had painted to myself? True, I should have been shocked, if he had approached me with extended arms, and as if he felt that I had nothing to forget; yet I did expect that his eye would lighten up with joyful surprise, and his quivering lip betray the tenderness which he *would* but *dared not* express. However, for the first time in my life, indignation, and a sense of injury, were stronger than my fond woman's feeling; and I seated myself in silence, on the only chair in the room, with my proud heart swelling as if it would burst its bounds and give me ease for ever.

"Helen!" said he at length, in a subdued and dejected tone, "your presence here distracts me. This scene, this city, are no places for you; and oh! how unworthy am I of this exertion of love! What! must a wretch like me expose to danger such an exalted creature as this is?"

These flattering words, though uttered from the head more than from the heart, were a sort of balm to my wounded feelings; but I coldly replied, That in coming to Paris, in order to be on the spot if any danger happened to him, I had only done what I considered as the duty of a wife; and that now my earnest wish was to be allowed to spend part, if not the whole, of every day with him in prison, as his friend and soother.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed, becoming much agitated.

"Why so? Benoit is disposed to be my friend."

"No matter; but tell me who is with you in this nest of villains?"

I told him, and he thanked God audibly. I then entreated to know something concerning his arrest, its cause, and what the consequences were likely to be.

"Spare me!" cried he, "spare me! It is most painful to a man to blush with shame in the presence of his wife. Helen! kind, good Helen! I know you meant to soothe and serve me; but you have *humbled* me to the dust, and my spirit sinks before you! Go and leave me to perish. In my very *best* days I was wholly unworthy of you; but *now*—"

He was right; and my *parading* kindness, my *intruding* virtue were offensive. I *had* humbled him: I had *obliged him too much*: I had *towered over him in the superiority of my character*; and instead of *attaching*, I had *alienated* him. This was human nature—I saw it, I owned it now, but I was not prepared for it, and it overwhelmed me with despair. Still, it softened my heart in his favor; for, if I had to forgive *his errors*, he had to forgive my officious exhibition of *romantic duty*. I now at his request told him all my plans, and every thing that had passed since I came, not omitting to tell him that I had seen *De Walden*. Nor was I sorry to remark, that at his name he started and changed color.

"He here! Then you are sure of a protector," said he, "and I feel easier. But, Helen! you are too young, too lovely to expose yourself to the gaze of the men in power. I protest that you are at this moment as beautiful as ever, Helen!"

"It is from the temporary embellishment of strong emotion only," replied I, pleased by this compliment from him. I then turned the discourse to the opportunity our shop gave us of hearing conversations; and I also promised to bring him some of our commodities. He tried to smile, but could not, and I saw that my presence evidently distressed instead of soothing him. Benoit now came to say I must stay no longer, and disappeared again: while, a prey to most miserable feelings, I rose to depart.

"I shall come again to-morrow," said I; "shall I not?"

"If you insist upon it, you shall; but, you had better leave me, Helen, to perish, and forget me!"

"Forget you! Cruel Seymour," cried I, bursting into an agony of tears.

He now approached me, and, sinking on one knee, took my hand and kissed it: then held it to his heart. A number of feelings now contended in my bosom, but affection was predominant: and as he knelt before me, I threw my arms round his neck, mingling my tears with his. "Quick, make haste, female citizen!" said Benoit, just unclosing the door, and speaking outside it. Pendarves rose and led me to him; and, scarcely knowing whether pain or satisfaction predominated, I reached the gate, Benoit kindly assuring me I might command his services to the utmost.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE.—During a recent commercial panic, connected with a bank of sufficiently unenviable notoriety, one of its directors was asked "how things were going on?" "Oh, bad enough," he replied, "we are going into Chancery." "Ah, that's terrible! I wonder you can sleep in your bed at night." "Well, I don't see what is to disturb *my* slumbers; but I *do* wonder that our depositors can sleep at all."

☞ Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

The Cunard steamship Africa has arrived, bringing Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 2nd inst.

The ships Sultana and Ocean Chief had reached Liverpool, with £360,000 sterling from Australia.

The steamer Propeller, on arriving at Galway, had to be run aground to prevent her sinking, owing to a leak.

Prince Napoleon had met with a distinguished reception from the Emperor Alexander, at Warsaw.

The Emperor Napoleon had returned from Biarritz, and was about to visit the camp at Chalons.

The fortress of Vincennes was about to be enlarged.

The Spanish elections were expected to be stormy. Rumors prevailed of a Ministerial crisis, but they were contradicted.

The Russian Steam Navigation Company has taken possession of the port of Villa Franca on the Mediterranean.

Advices from Turkey and the East show continued excitement against the Christians.

Lord Elgin and Admiral Seymour had gone to Japan. The French had gone to Cochin China.

The British Consul and all foreigners had quitted Canton.

Mr. Varley, one of the consulting electricians of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, writes to the Times in response to an article calling in question his estimate of the distance of the faults in the cable. He states that his means of testing are not wholly dependent upon the resistance offered by the cable, and that he searched diligently for indications of a fault nearer shore, but without success. He also says that by the modes of testing adopted by him, the estimated distances are seldom more than five per cent. in error, and then only in cases of difficulty. In testing the Atlantic cable he adopted four distinct modes.

The shaft of the Page Bank Coal Pit, near Durham, took fire, while the men and boys to the number of 82 were at work in the mine. It was feared the lives of all would be sacrificed, but after great exertions in subduing the flames 72 persons were drawn out of the pit alive, and the other ten dead.

Mr. Morphy, the American chess-player, had been astonishing the Parisians by repeating his extraordinary performance of playing eight games with eight separate players at one and the same time without seeing the boards. Mr. Morphy won six of the games, and the other two were drawn. The play lasted ten hours, during which time Mr. Morphy never took the slightest refreshment, and at the conclusion did not appear to be much fatigued.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 1.—The sales of cotton for the week were 41,000 bales. The market was generally unchanged, but the demand had slackened, though holders continued firm, owing to the reported damage to the crop.

Manchester advices are unfavorable, and the market closed slow of sales, but prices unaltered.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market continues very dull. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and quotations nominal. Wheat dull, and the market nominally unchanged, though inferior qualities had declined. Holders were pressing on the market. Corn also dull, and quotations nominal.

PROVISIONS.—The market continues dull. Beef heavy. Pork quiet. Bacon also quiet. Lard dull, and heavy, and all qualities have declined from 6d to 1s.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday afternoon, October 2.—No change in the Breadstuffs market. All articles slow of sale, and no business of the least importance.

Provisions are without attention.

Cotton quiet at yesterday's quotations.

LONDON, Saturday, Oct. 2—Consols 98¼a98¾ for account.

SAID Johnson, "*This galvanized goblet of lead,*
Shall be his who can soonest assemble
His wife, and say when can a candle be said
A tombstone at all to resemble"
Then Jackson replied with successful endeavor,
Extending his hand for the cup,
That a candle resembled a tombstone whenever
'Twas for any late husband set up.

☞ A musical wag (omitting waggery at the Birmingham Musical Festival) remarked, in reference to the submarine telegraphs, that they would soon be all over the world, and so "the harmony of mankind would be in the common chord of C." Providentially the big organ struck up, and drowned the indignant exclamations of the auditors.—*Punch.*

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
—*Wordsworth*

☞ With very few exceptions the immense population of the ocean is carniverous. The principal circumstance which regulates the choice of diet among fishes seems to be the power of mastery. Of terrestrial creatures, a large number are peaceful, never under ordinary circumstances willingly taking the life of even the most helpless around them; but the sea is a vast slaughter-house, where nearly every inhabitant dies a violent death, and finds a grave in the maw of his fellow.—*The Ocean.*

☞ "Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

BEWARE
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ How do you account for this? The compass has four points, and yet a pair of compasses only has two!—*Punch.*

O, TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
How much of woe must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!
—*Bowles.*

☞ An Irish woman appeared in the County Court, at Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued:

Judge.—"What estate has your child?"

"Plase, your honor, I don't understand you."

Judge.—"I say, what has she got?"

"Chills and faver, plase yer honor."

☞ Great minds have wills; others have only wishes.

☞ How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg.

☞ A JOKE AFTER DEATH.—The wife of one Baldwin, of Lymington, had sworn "to dance over his grave"—their matrimonial alliance not having been satisfactory to either party. To defeat his wife, Baldwin left injunctions in his will, that he should be buried in Scratchell's Bay, off the Needles, Isle of Wight! And he was so buried—on the 20th of May, 1736, as the Lymington parochial register clearly records. This was, with a vengeance, "a joke after death."

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

$1,400,000 IN GOLD.

The steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on the 15th, with San Francisco dates to the 21st ult. She brings $1,400,000 in gold.

She left Aspinwall on the 5th, and Kingston on the 8th.

A band of Mexican robbers had attacked a party of Chinese miners, near Charcoal Flat, eight miles from Downieville, and, after killing one of their number, and wounding another, stole their gold dust to the value of $150. The villains have not been detected.

A discovery of rich gold quartz has been made near Vallecito, in Calaveras county. So far the lead has prospected from two to fourteen dollars to the pan.

The dead bodies of three men were lately found on the beach, about three miles north of Bodega Heads. It is supposed that these are the bodies of three persons who were lost from the steamer Oregon when she struck, on a recent occasion, on the rocks at Point Reyes.

Barnabas Kelly, formerly of Rome, Kennebec county, Maine, met his death on Sunday night, 5th September, by falling, or being blown by a high wind, over a steep bank or precipice, fifty feet high, into the Evans claim, at Secret Diggings, Sierra county.

The big lump of gold found in Columbia recently, by Mr. Strain, has been melted and run into a bar, which weighs 101 ounces, or 8¾ pounds, and sold for $7,438 50. Besides this, Mr. Strain has reserved some four or five hundred dollars worth of specimens, belonging to the same boulder, making the total value of the piece found about $8,000. This is the largest lump of gold ever found in California, of which we have any authentic record.

A terrible tragedy was enacted at El Monte, Los Angelos county, on the 6th of September. Hillard P. Dorsey, a native of Georgia, where he has relatives at present residing, was shot dead by his own father-in-law, W. W. Rubottom. The authorities of the locality declare that Rubottom acted justifiably, in self-defence; and his neighbors all side with him and his daughter in the dreadful affair, as Dorsey was a very violent and brutal man.

William I. Ferguson, of Sacramento, who was wounded in a duel with George Penn Johnson, at Angel Island, on the 21st of August, died on the 14th of September. Ferguson was wounded in the thigh. He refused to have the limb amputated until the 14th, and then died under the operation. He was a member of the Senate from Sacramento, and a prominent politician.

George P. Wardell, a young man employed as a clerk by A. B. McCreary & Co., was detected in a series of forgeries upon his employers, on the 13th of September, and has been sent up for trial under two indictments from the Grand Jury. Wardell was respectably connected at the East.

The first mail coach over the Southern Overland route, left this city on the morning of the 14th of September, to make the through trip to Memphis and St. Louis. Three passengers started for the Eastern States by this stage.

A smart shock of an earthquake was felt in this city and in the neighboring country on the evening of the 12th of September. No damage was done, but many people were frightened.

James Hennessey, one of the Vigilant Committee exiles, recently brought a suit, at Downieville, against the Committee, for damages, but it being found impossible to empanel a jury who were not prejudiced in favor of the Committee, the suit was abandoned.

The steamer Sea Bird, owned by Capt. J. T. Wright, of San Francisco, was burned on her way from Victoria to Fort Langley, on the 7th of September. She was discovered to be on fire when about sixteen miles out from Victoria, *and was immediately beached on Discoverer Island.* All on board escaped with their lives but one passenger; C. A. Uhrig was injured in jumping ashore. The boat and cargo was a total loss. The cargo was valued at $50,000. The boat was insured for as much as she was worth.

Our dates from Victoria, V. I., are to the 8th September; and from the diggings, on Fraser River, to September 6th. The mining news is considered cheering. The river had fallen four feet within a week, and continued to fall at the rate of from six to eight inches per day. A miner at Fountain Diggings had taken out $900 in 15 days. Two men on Santa Clara Bar took out $80 per day. A good deal of gold dust was being offered for sale at Forts Hope and Yale, at $16 per ounce. "Dry diggings" had undoubtedly been discovered near Fort Yale.—John D. Galbraith, late member of the California Legislature, and known to be a man of integrity, declares that he has found diggings on the banks of a creek emptying into Fraser River, near Fort Yale, which yields as high as 8 or 10 cents to the pan. His statement is corroborated by others.

FROM THE ISTHMUS.—The frigate Roanoke touched at Aspinwall and sailed for Greytown. It is reported that General Lamar was to demand $2,000,000 of Costa Rica, for the massacre of Americans at Virgin Bay. Doubtful.

LATER FROM HAVANA.—The Havana correspondent of El Duende, writes us that the great explosion of the arsenal was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary—a fact which the authorities have taken the greatest pains to conceal. He states, also, that three hundred persons were killed, not twenty eight, only as the Diario de la Marina represents. El Duende also states that an attempt was made to assassinate the Captain-General, while on parade, on the 30th of September, a fact which the papers take good care to conceal.

☞ Leibnitz found the Prussian Queen Charlotte of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "wants to know the why even of the why," says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive." Samuel Johnson, too, had a young lady friend once "with the acutest intellect I have ever known."—*Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great.*

☞ A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions—"*Shrouds have no pockets.*"

☞ The difficulty in which a man of ability and sense is placed, between the indignity of being "lionized" by foolish and unsympathetic people, and the injury to his own intellectual and moral nature from the habit of living with admiring friends and obsequious followers, cannot be over-rated.—*London Quarterly.*

☞ Soon after Whitefield landed in Boston, on his second visit to this country, he and Dr. Chauncy met in the street, and, touching their hats with courteous dignity, bowed each to the other. "So you have returned, Dr. Whitefield, have you?" He replied, "Yes, Reverend Sir, in the service of the Lord." "I am sorry to hear it," said Chauncy. "So is the Devil!" was the answer given, as the two divines, stepping aside at a distance from each other, touched their hats and passed on.—*Zion's Herald.*

☞ It is a Chinese maxim, that for every man who does not work, and for every woman that is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger.

☞ It has been suggested that the tail of the comet is caused by the dust it kicks up in travelling.

THE ELECTIONS.

We make up our report of the elections as well as we can from the statements before us. Any important error will be corrected in our next paper.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Opposition (combined Republicans and Americans) have carried the State ticket (Supreme Judge and Canal Commissioner) by a large majority—estimated to range somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000. The Delegation in Congress will stand, it is believed, 20 Opposition, three anti-Lecompton Democrats, and two Lecompton Democrats, as follows:—

1st—Thomas B. Florence, Dem. 331 Plurality.
2d—Edward Joy Morris, Op., 1623 majority.
3d—John P. Verree, Op., 1091 majority.
4th—William Millward, Op., 3045 majority.
5th—John Wood, Op., 2414 majority.
6th—John Hickman, Anti-Lec. Dem., 1600 Plurality.
7th—Henry C. Longnecker, Op., 249 majority.
8th—Major John Schwartz, Anti-Lec. Dem., 19 majority.
9th—Thaddeus Stevens, Op., 3173 majority.
10th—John W. Killinger, Op., 2305 majority.
11th—John H. Campbell, Op., 2706 majority.
12th—Col. Geo. W. Scranton, Op.
13th—William H. Dimmick, Dem.
14th—Galusha A. Grow, Op.
15th—James T. Hale, Op.
16th—Wm. F. Junkin, Op., 66 majority.
17th—Edward McPherson, Op.
18th—S. Steel Blair, Op., 1450 majority.
19th—John Covode, Op.
20th—William Montgomery, Anti-Lec. Dem., 1600 majority.
21st—James K. Moorhead, Op., 1733 majority.
22d—Robert McKnight, Op., 1600 majority.
23d—William Stewart, Op.
24th—Chapin Hall, Op.*
25th—Elijah Babbitt, Op.

* Uncertain.

The Democrats will have a majority of one in the State Senate, and the Opposition a large majority in the Assembly.

The Anti-Tax Party, in Alleghany county, was routed. The citizens were not prepared for repudiating their debts, and they repudiated the repudiators.

In Philadelphia the Opposition majority averaged about 6,000. For Congress—First District—Ryan (Opp.) 6,492; Florence (Dem.) 6,823; Nebinger (A. L. D.) 2,442; Sprogell, 24. Second District—Morris, 5,653; Martin, 4,030. Third District—Verree, 6,977; Landy, 5,834; Reed, 52. Fourth District—Millward, 9,749; Phillips, 6,451; Broom, 253. Fifth District—Jones 2,205; Wood, 3,660.

OHIO.—The election has resulted in a Republican majority of about 15,000 on the State ticket, and the election to Congress of fifteen Republicans and six Democrats, a Republican gain of three members.

INDIANA.—The returns of the State election come in slowly, and the result of the State ticket is doubtful. Three Democratic State Judges are probably elected from 1,000 to 5,000 majority. The present indications are that the Legislature will be Republican, and that the same party have gained several members of Congress.

IOWA.—The election has resulted in the re election of Custer, Republican, to Congress, by 1,000 majority.

FLORIDA.—The returns give Hon. George S. Hawkins (Dem.) 2,000 majority for Congress. Mr. Walker was elected State Register, being unopposed. The Legislature is largely Democratic.

CALIFORNIA.—The Alta California of September 21st, says:—"The official returns of the State elections are not yet all in, but the majority for Baldwin (Ad.) over Currey, (Anti-Lecompton) will not vary much from 7,500."

KANSAS.—Leavenworth county gives the Republican ticket 200 majority. Atchison county was carried by the Opposition by 80 majority. *In Jefferson county the Republicans were defeated.* In Doniphan county the Democratic ticket was elected. In Douglass county the Republican ticket received 500 majority. In Lykens county the Republican ticket was elected.

NEW MEXICO.—The election in New Mexico has resulted in the choice of an entire Democratic Legislature.

BALTIMORE CITY, Oct. 13.—Col. Shutt, the Independent candidate against Mayor Swann, withdrew his name about noon in a card, declaring that it was impossible for his friends to vote, being intimidated by the Mayor's party. Mayor Swann was therefore re-elected without serious opposition.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Augusta, Ga., Oct. 16th.*—At the election held in South Carolina, the following Congressmen were elected, being the same delegation as at present, with the exception of Speaker Orr, who declined a renomination:—I. John McQueen. II. W. Percher Miles. III. Lawrence M. Keitt. IV. Milledge L. Barham. V. John D. Ashmore. VI. Wm. M. Boyce. All Democrats.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The Hartford Press gives the following account of a singular accident which occurred at Wolcottville, Conn., during a wicket match between Winsted and Wolcottville players:—

"Mr. Jabez Alvord had buckled a strap tightly around his right arm above the elbow, to prevent his arm from being lamed when throwing in the ball. Soon a large throw became necessary, but as the effort was made, a crack, short and distinct like that of a pistol, was heard across the play-ground, and the young man's arm fell powerless at his side, the ball describing a short curve beyond. On an immediate examination of the arm by Doctors Phelps and Steele, who were upon the ground, it was found that the bone was broken short off, just above the point where the strap was placed.

"Players will understand that nature rebels against any artificial supports of the kind used by Mr. Alvord."

BARTERING SQUAWS.—A correspondent of one of our exchanges is responsible for this item: "At Harmony, some forty miles from Washington, the Piede Abram, having a squaw who signified her wish to have a younger husband, marched her before the muzzel of his rifle to Cedar, where Utes were quartered, having come here for the purpose of buying squaws for the United States troops, and sold her to them; so she had a fair prospect of having her desires more than gratified. A few days since a noise of crying was heard in the streets. I went out and saw an Indian dragging along his squaw, while she was howling bitterly. Upon asking what was the cause he replied, 'Kota sahinti mi—she don't want me; having also conceived a desire for another husband, and probably she may be likewise accommodated."

WAGON AND STEERS BURNT.—During week before last, as Mr. Oliver Ingraham, of Bibb Co., Ala., was engaged in clearing up a piece of new ground for a turnip patch, the leaves happened to take fire from a brush heap, and so rapid was the flames upon the leaves that they reached the wagon and steers close by, used by Mr. Ingraham in hauling out brush. As the flames touched the steers they attempted to get out of the way, and in doing so the wagon became hitched in a sapling, and before they could be released the flames passed over them, killing the steers, and leaving only the irons of the wagon, as a proof that such a thing did exist. As incredible as this may appear, it is so, and is the most extraordinary occurrence we ever heard of.

☞ MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.—We can tell you how to get a good wife—take a smart girl and go to the parson.—*Punch.*

☞ Books are silent companions of the lonely hour; friends, who can never alter or forsake.—*Mrs. Norton.*

"NATURALS" ON A TOUR.

A correspondent of *The New Orleans Picayune* narrates the following incident of a recent journey of Professor Agassiz, Felton and Dr. Holmes, "the Autocrat," to the White Mountains:—

"The party was so numerous as to require a special conveyance for their transportation from Conway to the Crawford House. This conveyance was a large country wagon, drawn by a team of fine Green Mountain horses, and driven by a sturdy son of the Granite State.

"The day was one of the finest of the season, and admirably adapted for such an excursion, and every one, after his speciality, seemed to take the keenest delight in its incidents. Occasionally, the geologist would spy out some curious conformation or remarkable specimen of rock, and would insist on the driver stopping to allow him to alight and investigate it. This would often consume much time, and it more than once occurred that the impatient Jehu was obliged to remind the deeply absorbed party that the day was wasting, and that they had a long ride before them.

"In the height of his impatience, the depth of his despair, and the extremity of his perplexity, he turned to his companion on the box, for Professor F., I should remark, had taken no part in the scientific researches of his brethren.

"'What on arth's the matter with them men, Squire?' somewhat petulantly demanded the bothered Jehu. 'What are they about, stopping the team and jumping out every time they come across a loose stone or a big dandylion, or thistle in the road? Who are they, any how, Squire,' he exclaimed, in an agony of mingled curiosity and impatience.

"'Oh,' quietly remarked our absorbed Grecian, 'they are naturalists.'

"A few days after this the same team was engaged for this identical trip by a party of Bostonians. As they rattled along the turnpike through the Notch, one of them said to the driver, who was delightedly ruminating on the contrast between his present orderly company and the troublesome party he had been so perplexed with a day or two before—

"'Good deal of travel along here this summer? Eh, driver?'

"'Wal, considerable, this week or so,' was the reply.

"'I suppose you have about as much as you can do, now-a-days, carrying people to the mountains, don't you?' continued the tourist.

"'Pretty nigh,' replied our Jehu of the wagon. 'I had a queer party along, the other day—the last before you. I never see such a set of fellows.'

"'What were they like?'

"'Like? Like loonatics, more'n anything else I know on! Why, I thought I should never get up to Crawford's. Every once in a while they'd stop the team, and jump out, and pick up a stone, or pull up a weed, and then one o'em would preach a long sermon, and when he'd done, all the rest would chatter over it; and it was e'en a'most as much as I could do to git 'em into the wagon agin, and as it was, it was daylight-down before we got ter Crawford's.'

"'But who were these people?' inquired the whole company of listeners, in a breath.—'Didn't you find out?'

"'Wal, not exactly, I axed their *keeper* who they were, and he told me that they were *naturals!*'"

THE CROPS.—The last fifteen days have been the salvation of the corn crop at the West, which was almost despaired of being worth gathering a month ago. The extremely favorable Fall has ripened many a field that the owner expected only to use for fodder. We have heard of farmers who are realizing a valuable crop of ears from corn sowed in drills solely for fodder.

We have heard from many sources that the quality of the corn at the West this year will be far superior to that of 1857. The quantity is not, of course, as large in bushels of ears as it was last year; but there is reason to believe that there will be as many bushels of really sound corn. The Cincinnati Gazette estimates that Ohio will not yield in bushels much, if any, over five-eighths of the quantity produced last year, Indiana one-half, Illinois and Iowa three-fourths; Kentucky and Tennessee will furnish full crops, and that the grain, in quality, will go far toward making up the deficiency in bulk. This is very encouraging, since it is well known that the oat crop is almost a total failure all over the prairie States, and not worth bragging of anywhere.

Of the corn crop in New York and New England there is but one opinion. It never was better. Potatoes, too, are abundant, and almost free of disease. The apple crop is not generally good, but there is on the whole a tolerably fair supply.—*Daily Tribune.*

SINGULAR INFATUATION.—The Philadelphia Press mentions a curious circumstance connected with the loss of the Austria. The wife of Mr. Theodore Gerok, of Baltimore, is now visiting her relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of his loss, she alone has a deep conviction that he is not dead; either he was not on board the Austria (though he wrote to her that he had actually paid for his passage), or if he was, that he must have been among the few who were rescued. But here is something still more strange:

It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a clergyman of this city was among those who left for Europe on the ill-fated President, and was never again heard of. His wife, who remained in Philadelphia, and was deeply attached to him, never did, because she never could, believe that he was lost to her. Eighteen years have passed away, and yet that trusting lady—we cannot speak of her as wife, and she repudiates the name of widow—continues to expect his return. Every day a cover is placed for him at the table, where still stands his accustomed chair. Every ring at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished conviction of her heart that the loved one will return.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last, a white boy, named Griffin, while working in the factory at Prattville, Alabama, was caught up by a belt attached to some part of the machinery, was drawn under by the machine between a belt and a pulley, was thrown to the flooring above, and partially drawn through a small hole through which the band passed. There the head was severed from the body, and the lifeless trunk fell to the floor below, while the head remained above. Nearly all his bones were broken, and his body otherwise terribly mutilated. We understand that his mother came to the mill shortly after the accident, and that the shock was so great as to deprive her of reason, in which state she remained at last accounts.—*Confederation, 2nd inst.*

A WHOLESALE DENTAL OPERATION.—During the thunder shower that passed over the town of Petersham, Mass., last week, a bolt of lightning passed down a rod attached to the residence of a Mrs. Pierce. The lady was sitting at a window immediately adjacent the rod at the time, and was somewhat stunned. But, curious to relate, she was greatly astonished to find, on examination, that every one of her upper teeth had been extracted by the shock without her knowing it, and were lying about loose on the floor.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES, after being discontinued for fifteen hundred years, are re-established at Athens, in the ancient Stadium, by a decree of the Queen Regent of Greece.

DURING the present year 25,000 troops have been sent to India for the purpose of augmenting the Queen's forces now serving in the Bengal, Madras and Bombay presidencies, and another large body of reinforcements has been ordered for embarkation early next month. This will increase the Queen's forces serving in India to 100,000 men.

A LARGE caravan of Russo-Greek missionaries started a month ago, under the Archimandrite Goori, for Pekin. Russia will be first in the field of conversion.

RACING.—A New York paper says that some wealthy American gentlemen, in a high state of racing fever, have determined to challenge a race between English and American horses for $100,000—four mile heats—over the Fashion Course.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been dull during the past week, there being very little demand either for export or home consumption, and prices have declined fully 12½c. The sales for shipment only comprise 5000 bbls at $5,44@5,62½ for mixed and good brands—closing with free sellers at $5,50; 500 bbls common extra at $5,62½; 1000 bbls do on private terms; and 1000 bbls extra family at $6. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the same range for common and extra family brands, and $6,25@6,75 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been selling in a small way at $4,37½. 500 bbls Pennsylvania Corn Meal sold at $4,25 ℔ bbl. The market is now bare of the article, and it is wanted.

GRAIN—Wheat has come in slowly, but there is very little demand for it, and prices have fallen off 2c ℔ bushel. Sales of 28,000 bush at $1,15@1,28 for inferior and choice Red, and $1,26@1,38 for White—but at the close our highest figures could not be realized. Rye is in steady demand, and 2000 bush sold at 75@80c for New, and 83c for Old. Corn has declined 1@2c—about 16,000 bush Yellow sold at 85½@86½c, in store, and 87@88c, afloat, closing at our lowest figure. Oats have been less active, and prices are 1c ℔ bush lower—sales of 15,000 bush at 44@46c for Southern and 50c for old Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Supplies come forward very slowly and the stocks are light, but there has been very little demand for any description. Sales of Mess Pork, in lots, at $17@17,50 on time. Prime is scarce and sells at $15. In Dried Beef no change. City packed Mess Beef sells for ship's stores at $16@16,50, cash. Bacon—There has been more inquiry, but without change in prices. About 250 casks have been disposed of, in lots, at 10½@12½c, for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 8½@9c for sides, now held higher; and 6½@7c ℔ lb, cash and 60 days, for Shoulders. Bulk Meats have been in better request, and there is but little stock now left in first hands. Sales of Hams at 8c; Sides at 7½@8c—chiefly at the latter figure, and Shoulders at 6½c, cash and on time. Lard meets a limited inquiry, and prices are ¼ cent lower. The stock, however, is very trifling. Small sales of barrels at 11@11½c and kegs at 12½c ℔ lb. Butter—There has been rather more inquiry. Sales of Solid Packed at 12@13c, and Roll at 14@17c. Some Orange County and Goshen sold at 18@20c.

COTTON—Supplies are coming forward more freely, and the market, under a limited demand from manufacturers, has been unsettled and lower—the week's sales only reaching some 800@900 bales, part taken before arrival at from 11½ to 13¾ cents for Ordinary to good middling, and middling fair Uplands, cash, mostly at 13½@13¾c, showing a decline of 1@1½c on the high rates current last week.

BARK has met a very limited inquiry, and prices have declined $1 ℔ ton—Sales of 50 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $31. For Tanners' Bark there is very little demand and very little offering.

BEESWAX continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 31@32c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES are without change, and for Sperm and Tallow there has been very little inquiry—1000 boxes "Thain & Co.'s" Adamantine sold at 20c ℔ lb, 6 mos.

COAL—Since our last there has been more inquiry, both from the city dealers and from the Eastern consumers. The trade, however, is far from active, and the supply is fully adequate for the demand. Prices have undergone no change.

COFFEE—The market continues quite firm at the improvement noted last week, and the stock now in first hands is reduced to an exceedingly low figure—sales of 1000 bags Rio at 10½@12c ℔ lb for inferior and prime quality, and small lots of Laguayra at 11½@12c ℔ lb, all on time.

COPPER has been exceedingly dull, and in the absence of sales we quote English Sheathing at 28c. Yellow Metal has declined to 21c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering, and good Western are worth 55c ℔ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Green Apples command $2 to 4,50 ℔ bbl, and Dried Apples 7½@7¾c ℔ lb—5000 lbs prime Delaware pared Peaches sold at 16@17c ℔ lb; unpared range from 10 to 13c. Cranberries are beginning to arrive, and command $10@12 ℔ bbl.

HEMP—There is but little here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There has been nothing doing in Foreign. City Slaughtered are selling at 9½@10c ℔ lb.

HOPS—The demand has been limited. Small sales of new at 15@16c, and old at 10@12c ℔ lb.

IRON—The Iron market continues in the same apathetic condition which we have chronicled for many weeks past, but at the close there was a little better feeling. Sales of about 3000 tons were made at $19@21 ℔ ton, cash, for Nos 2 and 1, including 600 tons No 3 at $19, 6 mos. For Scotch Pig there is no demand, and prices are nominal. Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron sell only in a small way as wanted at previous rates.

LEAD—There is but little stock of Pig Lead here, and prices are firm, but no further transactions have been reported.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for the finer qualities of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full rates, but other kinds are neglected.

LUMBER continues excessively dull. The only sales reported are a few Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $13@14,50 ℔ M feet, and Laths at $1,15@1,35 ℔ M, according to quality—sales of 10,000 Red Oak hhd Staves on private terms.

MOLASSES—The market continues quiet in the absence of stock. The only sales reported are 100 hhds Trinidad at 31c and small lots of Cuba at 30@31c, on time.

SEEDS—There is quite an active demand for Clover seed, with further sales of 2000 bushels at $5,87½@6 ℔ 64 lbs for new, chiefly at the latter quotation, and $5,62½@5,75, for old crop, including one lot of new crop extra quality at $6,12½. Timothy is selling on arrival at $2@2,12½. Flaxseed, if here, would command $1,70@1,72 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin sell slowly at former rates. N. E. Rum commands 37@39c. Whiskey meets a very limited inquiry, and has declined. Sales of 1000 hhds Pennsylvania and Ohio at 23c; hhds at 22½c; drudge 21½c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet, but prices are steady, the receipts and stocks being light. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at $7@7,37½c, on time.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. We quote City Rendered at 10½c ℔ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured. The demand, however, has been confined to the immediate wants of the consumers.

WOOL is held with increased firmness, as the stocks of the low and medium grades have been reduced to an exceedingly low figure, some dealers having sold entirely out; and of the finer grades they are quite moderate for the season. Sales of 55,000 lbs, in lots, ranging from 33c for common up to 65c for extra fine quality.

NEWS ITEMS.

IMITATORS AMONG THE HEAVENLY BODIES.—It is the penalty of greatness to be imitated. No sooner does Donati's comet appear in the Western heavens, with its far reaching train of light, than Tuttle's comet, a mere tailpole, whisks its petty tail into view in the constellation of Pegasus, and seems to demand as much consideration as the illustrious Donati. Tadpole, you can't *Come't!—Courier.*

MR. BUCHANAN has been called to account by Dr. Isidor Kalisch, rabbi of the Ben Jeshurun congregation at Milwaukie, for having used the phrase, "all the nations of Christendom," in his telegraph message to Queen Victoria. Mr. Buchanan replies that the idea of casting reflections on the Jews never entered his mind. The world certainly moves, when a Jewish rabbi calls a Christian ruler to account for such an offence.

THERE is great talk in Paris of the creation of five hundred barons, who are to form the nucleus of a new *noblesse* to surround and support the throne. The report has given rise to that of another—that of the intended coronation of the Emperor at Notre Dame, like the great Napoleon, in the month of January next.

THE net receipts of the various festivals which have been held throughout the country, to aid in erecting a monument to Baron Steuben, are estimated at $10,000.

AN English astronomer, Mr. Forster, has just observed an extraordinary phenomenon, which has already been produced on three occasions since the appearance of the comet. He has observed a brilliant meteor, of a red and white color, appearing above the comet, which has been wrongly supposed to form part of that body.

THE Journal des Debats, in an elaborate notice of the official statistics of French commerce, shows that, comparing 1847 with 1857, the trade of France with England has increased in these ten years 272 per cent., with Russia only four per cent., with the aggregate of the States of Europe 132 per cent., and with the United States of North America 100 per cent.

COULDN'T HELP IT.—After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrien, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the established ridiculous custom; at the sight of which the groom followed suit with a copious flow of the briny fluid. After his friends succeeded in calming him, he said he couldn't help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did.

TO EXTINGUISH BURNING TAR OR PITCH.—The New York Sun says:—A correspondent says the safest, cheapest and surest way to extinguish burning tar or pitch, is to throw dry sand upon it, to the depth of a quarter or half an inch, which will smother the flames instantly; and, he thinks, a barrel of sand, applied in time, would have extinguished the fire on the Austria.

CATCHING A MAIL ROBBER.—The postmaster at Little Rock, Arkansas, recently caught a thief, by placing a young man in a mail bag in the office as a detector, in such a position that he could see any one who entered the office. When the thief came in he was at once arrested.

ANOTHER COMET.—There is now another of these bodies visible in the celestial field. Tuttle's comet can now be seen in the constellation Pegasus, without the aid of a telescope. This group is in a direct range with a line drawn from the two pointers in the "Great Dipper" through the north star, and is about as far from that body as Arcturus.

WATSON LEWIS, the one of the two brothers who succeeded in marrying his master's daughter after the elopement last week, has been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, for bigamy—it being alleged that he has a wife with better claims to the title than poor Miss Lloyd, residing in that city.

A CHICAGO paper publishes a "calculation" concerning Thurston the aeronaut's fall. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be the distance he fell, it would only require thirty-one seconds and a half for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 496 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,800 pounds, or little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to shatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth.

A CLEVELAND paper says that there is being built in that city a steam plough intended to be used in laying a telegraph wire between the Missouri frontier and California. The machine will be able to travel 15 miles a day, and will be so arranged as to cut the trench, put the wire in it, and bury it as it goes. We hope to hear of it again.

COMETS AND GOOD WINES.—By a somewhat remarkable coincidence it has been remarked that the years distinguished by the appearance of comets have also been distinguished by superior vintages, and the quality of the vintage has risen in proportion to the brilliancy of the comet. Indeed, so marked has this fact become, as to assume the character of a brand—"Comet Brand"—as indicating a superior vintage. This year the vintage is very superior both as to quantity and quality, and we have a comet.

A BULL BUTTING A LOCOMOTIVE OFF THE TRACK.—At Langdon, Ind., a few days ago, the locomotive ran into several cattle that were on the track. One of the animals, a fierce bull, made a show of fight, and such was the strength of his resistance, that he butted the locomotive and entire train off the track!

ATTORNEY GENERAL WHATON, of Mississippi, has decided that connection with a duel, either as a principal or second, is no bar to eligibility to office in Mississippi, except upon indictment and conviction.

PROF. LIEBIG, the celebrated chemist of Munich, will spend part of the coming winter in this country, and has already been secured by several Western associations for one or more lectures.

MASONIC CURIOSITY.—A few days ago, Mr. C. Blackburn, of Covington, Ky., found in a sack of Rio coffee a copper medal, bearing upon one side the representation of the tent of a Knight Templar, surmounted with the crown and cross, and surrounded with the motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" On the reverse, in a wreath, the number "20" has been stamped over the number "40." There is a motto on this side, but the medal has been so much worn as to make it illegible. The date is "1328." The peculiar significance of this medal will be appreciated by all Masons who have attained the degree of Knight Templar.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has taken up his residence at Genoa, where his family, which is numerous, possess a fine estate; and one of the curious effects of the trial is, that it has led to a reconciliation between the aged poet and his wife, after a separation of forty years.

WHEN CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED fought his duel with the French marquis his dress displayed "nary white," not even a shirt-collar, wristband, or bosom—all was solemn and undistinguishable black; while the Frenchman, as if in defiance, fluttered a white handkerchief from his bosom, as a mark for the American's ball. But nobody was hit or hurt.

BAYARD TAYLOR returns from Europe this month, and is engaged to open a course of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association on the 28th inst.

WHY HE DID IT.—The Whig relates the following incident as having occurred at the last term of the Bolivar county Court:

"A man was convicted of hog-stealing, and sentenced to the penitentiary. We learn that on being asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, this worthy very coolly told the Court that he 'killed the hog in self-defence, and ate him out of spite.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A SCENE IN A PHILADELPHIA COURT.—A day or two since, we were in the Court of Quarter Sessions while Counsellor Snap was trying a case. He had on the stand a very mild, timid and nervous witness, whose testimony had borne strongly against his client. He had testified that the counsellor's client "had no money whatever." The counsellor, with a look, emphasis and gesture like that of a canibal eager to devour a victim, opened as follows:

"How are you so werry sure that my client had no money? Do you exercise wigilance over his pocket-book?"

"No, sir, I knows it. 'Cause why? He told me so."

"When did he tell you so?"

"This morning."

"Where, sir?"

"In this very room."

"What did he say, sir? Come, no prewarication. Give us his werry words."

"I don't like to answer that question, sir."

"Ha! ha! So you are afraid to answer, are you? I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come, out with it—we want no shirking here."

"Well, if I must, I must. I asked him for the loan of five dollars, and he said he couldn't let me have it, because you had robbed him of every cent of his money; and if he didn't get out of your clutches, his family would starve while he went to prison."

Counsellor Snap had no more questions to ask. "Prewarication" like this didn't suit him, and in less than five minutes afterwards the foreman of the jury announced a verdict against his client.—*North American.*

"A RICH LEGACY."—Under this heading we copied a few days since (says the Savannah News) an item, stating that the estate of Mr. Dermot Dempsey, of Macon, lately deceased, amounting to $500,000 had been left, except $5,000, to the Catholic Church. The Macon Telegraph copies the same item and adds: Mr. Dempsey's estate is valued at $250,000, and all goes to his children, not a cent to the Catholic Church, as we have been informed and believe.

☞ He that speaks against his own reason, speaks against his own conscience; and therefore it is certain no man serves God with a good conscience, who serves him against reason.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

SICK HEADACHE, DEBILITY AND INDIGESTION. Where among all the remedies for these complaints, is there one which so quickly, so effectually, and permanently removes them as the Oxygenated Bitters.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. cr11-18t

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ℔ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$2 a3
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	2 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ℔ lb	6
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	6 a12	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ℔ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ℔ set	12½a25
Chop, ℔ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ℔ lb	4 a 8
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes ℔ bus	75a87½	Corn pot's, ℔ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ℔ head	5 a6	Onions, bus	80
Squashes, ℔ basket	37½a62½	Egg plants, each,	12 a18
		Tomatoes, ℔ basket	50 a62

FRUIT.

Apples, ℔ bbl	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	1 a 5
Do bf pk	25 a31		
Do finest	$3 a5		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ℔ pair	50 a87	Reed Bird ℔ doz	$1,25
Chickens, ℔ pair	75 a1,25	Rail ℔ doz	25 a 37
Teal ℔ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ℔ lb	10 a12½
		Sqh Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ℔ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ℔ bbl.	10,00 13,00
Do. ℔ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa Del)	9,00 a12,00
Morris River Cove, ℔ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	25 a35	Blue Fish, lb	12
Roll "	28 a30	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	18 a20	Mackerel	10
Codfish, "	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod "	5 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb	12½	Sassafras, cake	7
		Sausage meat ℔ roll	12½

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 16, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes ¼ dis		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford no sale		Solv bks ½ dis	
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		All bks uncertain	
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore ¼ dis		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank 1 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks 2 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis		TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis			

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 16.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 9500 bbls at $5,15@5,30 for Ohio. Wheat very dull, and nominally quoted. Corn declined. Sales 25,000 bush at 69@71c for mixed, and 85@87c for yellow. Pork firm at $16,40@16,50 for Mess, and $14@14,50 for Prime. Whiskey dull at 25c.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10½	10½	10½	10½
Middling	12½	12½	12½	12½
Md'ling fair	13½	13½	13	13

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, or pain in your breast?" This is a simple question so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by without answering it or even reading this article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequences daily ensue from what is called "a neglected cold or cough?" Go into yonder chamber and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son. The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to riot, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still, none of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed. How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hopes wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and sunken aspect of death, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest. He breathes his last upon that fondest of all fond bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain. Is this fancy, or is it fact? *Fact*, we answer, startling fact; and yet, in thousands of cases these lamentable results might be prevented by the use of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which may be obtained of Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, or of their agents throughout the U. States.

FEMALE BEAUTY depends not alone on regularity of features and symmetry of form, but much upon the color of the hair. The curling ringlet

'Hath none its charm to own,"

if red, but color it black or brown, and

"Man to its power will bow."

You who are so unfortunate as to have red hair, should use Jayne's Liquid Dye, which is acknowledged to be the best in use, producing a more natural color and free from the metallic lustre so common to most liquid dyes.

This Hair Dye is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and can be had of their agents throughout the country. oct23-2t

NOTHING ELSE DOES ME ANY GOOD.

LANCASTER, C. H., S. C., May, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philada. Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and until three years since I could find nothing which would afford me relief. Fortunately for me, I heard of "Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters," and thought I would try them, not, however, with much faith that I should be benefited by their use.

To my surprise I found that on taking a few doses I was relieved of the pain in my side and chest, my appetite became good, I gained strength, and in fact felt stronger and in better health than I had for a long time. I do not allow myself to be out of the Bitters if I can obtain them, *for nothing else does me any good.* I am willing at all times and ready to state my case to any one who may wish to know the full particulars, and shall with pleasure recommend them to all who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, for I believe if anything will give them relief they will be relieved by Hoofland's German Bitters. Many persons in this district have used the Bitters with beneficial results, and I have no doubt you could get a number of certificates were you to ask them, for to my certain knowledge quite a number have been very much benefited by the use of your medicine.

I almost forgot to mention that my daughter, about six years of age, was cured of *Jaundice* by Hoofland's German Bitters. I think best to mention this, as I have never known them used in any other case of the kind.

Respectfully yours, A. HALES,
Witness J. D. Glenn. *Silversmith.*

These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold at 75 cents per bottle, by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, and South America.

I AM AT SOME LOSS in my own mind what to say in relation to PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. It really seems to be possessed of the power of magic beyond the comprehension of the human mind. The increased sales in this State are truly astonishing. A. W. HATCH,
Druggist, Milwaukie.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN W. WALKER, to MISS AMANDA Z. MOORE, both of Chester county.

On Wednesday evening, the 13th instant, at the church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. C. S. Williams, D. D., EZRA HOWEN, to ELIZABETH B. daughter of Tilton Wildes, of Arneytown, N. J.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, THEODORE C. DECK, to Miss ANNIE E. MCCORMICK.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. McDowell, Mr. THOMAS H. ELLIOTT, to Miss CATHARINE P. daughter of Andrew Rankin, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, VICTOR DORIOT, of Whythesville, Va. to CATHARINE DORIOT, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, Mr. JAMES PAYNE, Jr. son of the late Capt. Jas. Payne, to Miss CAROLINE ISAND, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. ROBERT IRVINE, to Miss CATHARINE HOLMES, both of this city.

On the 15th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. ROBERT BLACK, to Miss MARGARET A. PEACOCK, both of this city.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. THOMAS MCKEE, to Miss JANE BLACK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Departed this life, on Sunday, the 3d of October, at his residence, near Imlaystown, Monmouth co., N. J., JAMES WOODWARD, aged 73 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN HERON, aged 63.

On the 12th instant, ALBERT G. STINGLE, aged 22 years.

On the 12th instant, GRACE, wife of Henry Bowman.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARGARET THOMPSON, aged 76 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY, wife of D. M. Bowen, aged 25 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, relict of the late Alex. King, aged 63 years.

On the 8th instant, JOHN A. KENNELL, aged 32 years.

On the 10th instant, STEPHENS NOBLIT, aged 56 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DEAN, aged 47 years.

On the 8th instant, BARBARA, wife of the late Andrew Stewart, aged 85 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MERCY BILLINGS, aged 70 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY BAKER, aged 79.

HONEY! THE BEST OF HONEY! I have a valuable receipt for making Honey, which I will send to any person upon the receipt of One Dollar. It can be made in small quantities at 6 cents per pound, and cannot be told from the genuine Bee Honey. Any person who will make and sell it, can clear from Four to Five Dollars a day; it only requires five articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for Fifty Cents.—Every family should have this delightful luxury, for any lady can make it in fifteen minutes, at any time. Address N. R. GARDNER.
oct23-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct. 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113¾	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	103	104
" 5 "	84	86
Pitts 6 pr ct	85	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" " Loan"		
" R R issue	51	51½
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn R R issue	92	—
Penn 6 pr ct	100½	—
" 5 " coupon	93½	94
" 5 "	91	—
Texas 5 pr ct	91½	92½
" 5 " coupon	79	79½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	87½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	97	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Ca. Stala 7 pr ct new bonds	87	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	137
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	59½	60
Commercial	51	—
N Liberty	60	56
Mechanics	28½	29½
Southwark	73	78
P Township	344	351
Kensington	63	65
Girard	11½	11¾
Western	66	70
Man & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	67½	68
Tradesman's	60	—
City	47½	—
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	21¾	22
Germantown	57½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky "	115	117½
Northern "	117	120
Louisville "	107½	110
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	98	99
Planters "	100½	—
N O Gas Light	123	125
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	1	1
N America Ins'ance	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	20	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	53½	60
Bonds	90½	—
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd " "	90	89½
stock		
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1884	89½	90
stock	118½	120
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	93	—
mort 6's '44	91½	92
" " '86	72½	73½
stock	25½	25¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	
stock	35	36½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	32	32½
6 pr ct loan '60	100½	101
Ches Val R R	34	34½
Tioga R R	45	—
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mort	71	73
2d "	66½	68
stock	3½	4½
Catawissa	8	8½
Beaver Meadow stock	48	50½
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	8¾
6 pr ct loan	57½	57¾
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	54½	55
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	60	60½
Har and Lan R R stock	36½	37½
bonds '88	86	90
L. Schuylkill R R stock	25	26
Long Island R R stock	—	—
" bonds	13½	14½
Erie R R stock	77½	—
Hudson River R R	15½	—
N Y Central "	81½	—
Michigan Central	84	—
Illinois "	84½	—
Michigan Southern	54	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	66	68½
imp. 6 pr ct	69½	70
stock	9½	—
preferred	16½	—
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	50
mort 6 pr ct	85	86½
scrip	30	31
Morris Consol'd	40	42
preferred	103	105
Ches & Del bonds	35½	45
Union "	77½	78½
Susq & Tidewater bonds 1878	8	8
	36½	40

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

A NEW STYLE. PRICE, $50.

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
137 BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.
58 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequalled strength, beauty and elasticity, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
oct23-13t

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED,

to sell *DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS* during a residence of Sixteen Years in the Wilds of Africa. This is a work of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone and unaided by any white man, travelling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strange to him, and many of them hostile, and altogether forming the most astonishing book of travels the world has ever seen. All our Agents acknowledge it is the most salable book published. The most liberal commission made to Agents, in small or large quantities. For particulars, address

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the price, $1,25.
oct23-tf

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE PASTOR'S GIFT; OR, CONVERT'S MANUAL,

Embracing an outline of Christian duty. By Rev. A. Joy, A. M., a work which every new convert and all church members must have. It is endorsed by the most distinguished divines of all denominations, and is entirely unsectarian. It is a handsome 12mo volume of 312 pages, with a steel engraving. Price only 75 cents.

Address WENTWORTH, HEWES & CO., Publishers,
oct16-3t 86 Washington St., Boston.

A BOOK FOR THE SICK, by Doctor SAMUEL S. FITCH.—Six Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Female Complaints, and Chronic Diseases generally (bound, 380 pages, 20 engravings), by Dr. SAMUEL S. FITCH; explaining the author's treatment, by which he both prevents and cures the above diseases.

This book has been the means of saving thousands of lives. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 40 cents.

Apply to Dr. S. S. FITCH,
Office 714 Broadway, New York.
☞ Consultation personally or by letter, free.
oc23-13t

ST. MARY'S HALL.—The Forty-Fourth Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 1st November (All Saints' Day).

Punctual attendance is required, that recitations may be held in all the classes on the following day.

Apply for admission to the Bishop of New Jersey, at Burlington. oct9-4t

BURLINGTON COLLEGE.—The Twenty-Fourth Term at this Institution will begin on Monday, the 1st November (All Saints' Day).

Punctual attendance is required, that recitations may be held in all the classes on the following day.

Apply for admission to the Bishop of New Jersey, at Burlington, or to Rev. Robert Chetwood, Rector.

September 30, 1858. oct9-4t

THE PHILADELPHIA PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET, 922 Chestnut St., established by FOWLER, WELLS & CO., is open day and evening for examinations and sale of Books and Journals. Books sent by return of mail at lowest cash prices. Catalogues sent gratis. cr18-3m

ALL THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED with any CHRONIC DISEASE considered incurable, will receive a LETTER giving information which will insure a speedy and permanent cure by sending their names and one stamp (to pre-pay postage) to DR. E. B. FOOTE, the celebrated Chronic Physician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," Saratoga Springs, N. Y. cr18-13t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FOR THE CHILDREN!

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LITTLE PILGRIM!!

We say, emphatically, that *The Little Pilgrim* is the best periodical for young people now published, at home or abroad, in the English language.—*The Press.*

This elegant and popular monthly, for girls and boys, being about to commence a new volume,

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

The new volume will begin with a beautiful story prepared expressly for THE LITTLE PILGRIM by

MARY HOWITT, CALLED

THE FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

This is not a fairy story, as the title indicates, but one of those exquisite tales in which the highest morality is made to exhibit itself through the tender, human graces of every-day life, and which have made Mary Howitt's name so famous, the world over, as a writer for children.

Scores of other choice things—Stories, Poems, Sketches, Anecdotes, Puzzles, Rebuses, Charades, Riddles, &c., &c., together with

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES,

will accompany and follow the above.

TERMS.

Fifty cents a year for single copies. Five copies for $2. Fourteen copies, and one to getter-up of club, for $5. Twenty-four copies, and one to getter-up of club, for $8. Fifty copies for $15. *Always payable in advance.*

We will also send the five back volumes, for 1854, '55, '56, '57 and 1858, for $2.

☞ Specimen copies sent, free of charge, to all who request them. Address, *post-paid always,*

LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT,
132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
jly24-3m 181 William Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED,

In every County in the United States, to sell the VERY BEST BOOKS Published in the Country. A small capital only is required, and a profit of from $3 to $5 per day can be realized by industrious, persevering men.

Our Publications are useful, interesting and instructive, commanding large sales wherever offered. For full particulars, address

LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
au28-3m No. 224 North Second Street, Phila.

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)

ACTON & AYRES,
oct23-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.

CASSIDY & BALL,
Je5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

WANTED,

AGENTS, to sell a fine Steel Plate Engraving of THE CRUCIFIXION. The Engraving will be sold wholly by Canvassers. For particulars, address D. H. MULFORD,
oct9-4t 167 Broadway, New York.

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

$10 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED—Local and Travelling, in all the Southern and Western States. A new business and a paying one. Call, or address for circular,

S. J. BESTOR,
Dealer in Watches and Jewelry,
oct2-tf 33 South 3d St., Philadelphia.

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.
sr18-26t

FURNITURE.

PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT OF FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE IN THE UNION,

524 WALNUT STREET,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia,

GEORGE J. HENKELS,
my29-6m Formerly of 173 Chestnut Street.

SOMETHING TO DO.—The subscribers will employ agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $28 per week. Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars.
oct2-6t S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $15 per day profit—infallible success—all may apply.—Send a red stamp for particulars, to EARL, 129 Franklin St., N. Y. oct9-4t

DEAFNESS CURED, However Caused, by a new method. Address DR. BOARDMAN, personally or by letter, 19 Suffolk Place, Boston, Massachusetts. oct16-4t

MAN UPON THE SEA.—A HISTORY OF MARITIME ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY, from the earliest period to the present time; giving a detailed account of Remarkable Voyages of Exploration in all ages of the world. By Frank B. Goodrich, author of the Court of Napoleon, &c. One volume, 8vo.; illustrated with 150 engravings. Price $3.

FROM THE PRESS:

A wonderful History of Man on the Ocean, with his thrilling achievements.—*Presbyterian.*

The subject of the volume is one of the most interesting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Very interesting, comprising the achievement of all the great navigators and discoverers.—*N. O. Delta.*

A book of unusual interest

and appear rougher than she had ever known him. She was most thankful when dinner was ended, and they left Ralph to his wine.

In the drawing-room, Laura became again more conversational, and anecdotes and recollections of their early years beguiled the time till the tea came in; then Ralph joined them, and they got through the evening; but to Alice in a very unsatisfactory manner. Continually she kept contrasting her cousin's appearance with hers, and felt how she lost by the comparison, and thinking how the handsome furniture and lofty rooms of her uncle's house must make Laura look with utter contempt on such a humble home as hers, till over and over again she wished she had never consented to receive her. Vexed with herself, her husband, her house, and everything, poor Alice retired to rest that night in no enviable frame of mind. She endeavored not to show it, but Ralph saw there was something wrong; but imagining it might be some family concerns which had vexed her, and which he, perhaps, was not to know, went to sleep, happily persuaded that all would be well the next day.

Alice was very silent all the time she was dressing in the morning, and before they went down she came up to Ralph, and putting her arm round his neck, said:

"Dear Ralph, will you do your little wife a great favor?"

"Of course, little wife, if I can."

"Well then, dear, will you *please* dress for dinner to-day? I don't think Laura understands your sitting down to table just as you are, in your rough walking clothes and muddy boots."

"Laura! Stuff and nonsense," he answered. "If I sit down to table with my own wife so, why am I to alter for her ridiculous nonsense? No, no, Alice, understand me, once for all. Your grand relations may come here as much as they like, and I will give them a hearty welcome if they're willing to put up with my ways; but I'm not going to alter them to please their fiddle-faddle fashionable notions. I saw at a glance Miss Harcourt was a dignified, stuck-up young lady, such as would never get on with me. Now, she's your cousin, my dear, and therefore I am quite willing she should stay with you as long as you both like; but, if you please, no interference with me. I'm a man of business, and I have neither time nor inclination for being a lady's man; and if Miss Harcourt can't eat her dinner because I've not a white waistcoat on and polished boots, the sooner she goes home the better."

Alice was too much astonished at the length and vehemence of this speech to make any reply; but she did think it harsh and unkind, and her eyes filled with tears as she turned away. Ralph did not see them. He had "said his say;" he meant no unkindness, and never dreamed she would think so; so he finished his toilet whistling an opera air, and went down to breakfast as cheerful as ever.

Laura was not down, but she sent word by Maria that they were not to wait; so, as he had many patients waiting for him, he began his breakfast, and was just finishing when Laura came down.

"You told us not to wait, dear," said Alice, apologetically, "and as Ralph has his patients to attend to, he has taken you at your word; but I have not breakfasted."

"I really meant you not to wait—for I thought I should not get down till to-morrow. I could not get dressed, somehow."

"Indeed! how was that, Miss Harcourt? Did you miss your maid?" asked Ralph, with something which sounded to Alice like a sneer.

"No! but I had a thousand disasters in the way of upsetting things, and not having enough water, and waiting while your very dilatory maid got more, and sundry such hinderances to a successful toilet."

"It is quite evident, then, that you must be an accomplished artiste; for, notwithstanding, you have been eminently successful," said Ralph. And, certainly, the taste and beauty of her dress merited the compliment.

Oh, the perversity of womankind! Alice had been, that very morning, urging Ralph to be polite to her cousin; and now, as he uttered this speech, the tears she had been struggling with again rose to her eyes, as she remembered he had never once admired *her* dress, and yet she took such pains to suit his taste. Truly, as she looked down at her plain French merino with its country make, and the profusely-trimmed and fashionably-made glace silk beside her, she could not but admit there was a wide difference; and again that sense of dissatisfaction with herself and all about her overpowered her, and her breakfast went away untasted. It was not perceived by either of her companions, for Ralph soon went out, and Laura busied herself in the newspaper. She looked up when Alice asked her if she would take any more breakfast, and said,

"No, thank you, love; and pray do not trouble your mind about me, if you have housekeeping duties, for I am quite amused for the next hour; but surely I see tears. Alice, is it possible so soon? Ah, poor girl! Well, as we make our bed so we must lie on it, says the old adage; but I can understand what it must be to you, coming from your home, and your well-bred father to this. But one thing remember, love, the diamond is rough till it's polished."

"I don't know what you mean, nor what you are talking of," said Alice, vexed enough that, in spite of herself, the tears would flow. "I am only a little out of sorts this morning."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear; it was my fancy then, I dare say; you know we always were differently constituted; but *I* could not bear it, and would not."

Alice made no reply, but turned and left the room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ When a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching, in Boston, he picked it up, and, holding it before his congregation, said, "This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing."

☞ Too much love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth. Like a canker, it eats away the finest qualities of their nature; and there is no limit to the sacrifices made to it.—*Miss Landon.*

☞ We waste our time in moments, our money in shillings, and our happiness in trifles.—*Mrs. Montague.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid in *advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - - $5,00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a mean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Joseph and John;" "The Dying Boy;" "Regret."

MONTGOMERY COUNTY. There is a number of good works on the subject, and we cannot say which is the best. If we can learn the best variety, we will communicate it to you.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to allow full time to our country readers to make up their Clubs for the new year, we publish in the present number our Prospectus for 1859.

That Prospectus speaks so fully for itself, and manifests so plainly the determination of the publishers of THE POST to spare no reasonable expense to procure the best talent for its pages, that we need add but little in this place. It is not often that the large sum of ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY DOLLARS is given by a Newspaper or other periodical for a single story. But the reputation of Mr. James, as a novelist, is world-wide. The names of Mary Howitt, Grace Greenwood, T. S. Arthur, &c., &c., from whom contributions are likewise announced, are also of no mean repute in the world of letters.

We trust that our readers will see in the engagement of such writers—and in the character of the stories, &c., published by us during the present year—that we design that THE POST shall maintain its reputation as the furnisher of a higher and more ennobling order of literature than that contained in the "flash" and "sawdust" weeklies of the day.

To those who design making up Clubs, we would say, BEGIN AT ONCE, and you will find it much easier than if you leave it to a later date, when the friends of other and *inferior periodicals may have gone over the field.* Clubs may begin either the first of the new year, or as soon as made up, at the option of those constituting them. For that matter, for new subscribers, the present paper would be an excellent time to commence their subscriptions—as we begin the new story of "COMING HOME," which will be found both a beautiful and instructive one.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fall in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

CHARITY.

Love of power in excess caused the angels to fall, and love of knowledge in excess caused our first parents to fall; but in *Charity* there is no excess.—*Lord Bacon.*

The same day that we met with the above, we met with a curious passage in an account of the proceedings of a defaulting Cashier in Boston. The individual in question, a Mr. R. B. Woodworth, Cashier of the Brighton Bank, has been discovered to be a defaulter to the tune of some $40,000. The account in question says:—

Mr. Woodworth is a leading Baptist in Brighton, and the revelations are heard with concern by the Church. It was supposed at first that the roguery was of recent occurrence, and this opinion was all the stronger from the fact that the Cashier's books have balanced with the nicest exactness, and the examination of its affairs by the Bank Commissioners, in May last, revealed no suspicious circumstances. A few days since the President of the bank, S. H. Bennett, received an inquiry from the President of the Faneuil Hall Bank, whether he should furnish Mr. Woodworth with $20,000 on New York on account of the Bank of Brighton. He at once refused, saying if they did it, it was at their own risk. Mr. Bennett was then informed that they had already let him have the same amount. This led to an investigation, and to the confession of Mr. Woodworth that he had for four years been appropriating the funds of the bank to his own use, for speculation and other purposes.—He had purchased a house in Brighton for $15,000, which was furnished in a palatial style, speculated at second hand, given $1,000 towards the erection of the Baptist Church edifice in that town, bought and sold fancy stocks, &c., &c. When his rascality was in danger of being discovered, he sold his house for $10,000, at the same time discharging a mortgage upon it of $5,000. At the same time he got rid of his stocks in the Suffolk Mills. Mr. Woodworth asserts with great emphasis that the bank will be fully indemnified. *His bondsmen will be called upon, we suppose, as a sacrifice. The directors are disposed to be lenient with their errant officer.* Mr. Woodworth states that he has within a short time lost $7,000 by a real estate speculation in building a block of houses, with which the directors had not the least suspicion that he was connected, as the business was carried on in the name of another person. He is temporarily in charge of one of the directors. *His friends deeply sympathize in his misfortunes, and will do all in their power to relieve him.* He has a wife and two children.

Our attention in reading the above, was attracted to the sentences which we have placed in italics, and especially to that which says, "His friends *deeply sympathize* in his *misfortunes*, and will do all in their power to *relieve* him."

Lord Bacon says that "in Charity there is no excess"—and St. Paul, we must admit, might be adduced in support of Lord Bacon's assertion—and yet, if the "charity" of those Boston friends of Mr. Woodworth's be not a little "in excess," when they style his conduct a "misfortune," and "sympathize" with him, as if he had just had an attack of small pox or measles, it comes certainly very near being too much of a good thing.

As for the poor bondsmen of whom it is rather unconcernedly said that they "will be called upon, we suppose, as a sacrifice," no one seems to "sympathize" with them in the least. And yet we think if a little of the charity manifested towards the defaulter, were manifested towards those who were suffering because in the goodness of their hearts they had attempted to befriend him, it would be a little more creditable to the exceedingly charitable people aforesaid.

"AMERICA IN HYSTERICS."

Under the above title the *London Punch* devotes over a column to the ridiculing of the recent Atlantic Telegraph rejoicings in the United States. It gives "a few of the addresses transmitted from the various States to New York in honor of the Cable." The following are specimens:—

From the Governor of Connecticut.

I salute ye. The deed is done. A new heart-string, forgotten at Creation, has been inserted into the world, and henceforth its pulses will keep time to the flapping of the wings of our almighty and inextinguishable eagle. May the blood of freedom course along that giant vein with the rush of Niagara, and sweep away before its mightiness the moldering cerements of antiquated hallucination.

From the Governor of Massachusetts.

The golden harp of civilization and progress needed one chord of iron to sustain her sterner harmonies, and it has been added by Cyrus W. Field. May it sound in glory and vigor until the end of time, and five-and-twenty minutes later.

From the Governor of Nebraska.

We salute you. Give old England rope enough, and she will hang herself, but not in despair. No, the aged and effete island ties herself to the apron-string of vigorous young America, and looks to her for support and succor. Shall England look in vain, my brothers?

From the Governor of New Hampshire.

Yankee Doodle used to ride
On a little pony,
Now he talks to t'other side
In twenty minutes on'y.

From the Governor of Delaware.

The b'hoys must have their amusements, and so we've tied England to a long string, and we'll fly her like an almighty great kite. When we're tired of the sport, and want to be quit of it, we calculate we'll just wind her in, and hang her up on one of the monster trees of our unfathomable forests. Guess we've utilised the tarnation old caution at last; yes, sirree.

From the Governor of Louisiana.

"Two nations in two different ages rise,
Stand prominently out of the abyss,
One, England, a respectable old hoss,
And one, America, of giant force.
The power of Nature could no further go,
So made C. W. Field to join the two."

The above are only tolerable. Punch, like Lehigh, "must do better" if he expects to carry everything before him. The following, however, is good, and seems to show that Punch is dimly aware of the fact that we here in Philadelphia preserved a reasonable degree of sobriety in our rejoicings, as compared with our amusingly excitable brethren of New York city:—

From the Governor of Pennsylvania.

Friend Field, thee have, according to worthy evidence, done a part of thy task, and it is well. When thee hast fastened both ends of thy string, and the fixings, and hast greatly and finally reduced the price of thy messages, we may see cause for further communication with thee. Meantime, friend, we wish thee success, but decline to burn money in fireworks, melt it in strong liquors, or waste it in wasting time upon idle demonstrations. A-men!

That last is good—*in our opinion*—characteristic, concise, and sensible—although the Quaker talk is rather a lamish imitation. If Punch always did as well as that, he would not deserve so many punches with a boot, and deserve more, "in a horn."

INTO DE SAUTY.—A better thing and better said does not often appear in the newspapers than the following from the *Richmond Despatch:*

There is a wise and self-respecting Englishman of the name of De Sauty, who has shut himself up in a small box at the Trinity Bay end of the Atlantic cable, and will not let anybody come inside. A gentleman, who has travelled a long distance to examine the telegraph prodigy, was only permitted to flatten his nose against the windows, where he could see nothing but De Sauty holding on with composure and dignity to the American end of the Atlantic cable. Week after week, and month after month, there De Sauty sits, a more patient angler than Izaak Walton ever dreamed of, with his long line in his hand fishing for electrical indications. Every once in a while he gets a bite, and then hoists his window and tells "Peter Cooper," of New York, that he has just had a glorious nibble, and catches a "small current," as he calls it, and send it off to the aforesaid Peter by the next express. The cable is a heavy and taciturn article, but it does not compare in ponderousness with the dignity of De Sauty, nor even in silence with his majestic reserve. He is believed to be the wisest looking and biggest man at this time on the American continent. It would not be at all surprising if the smart fellow had been all this time receiving intelligence from England, and monopolizing it for the aggrandisement of his intellect. We insist that the telegraph office shall be opened, and De Sauty dissected, to see whether he has not surreptitiously stuffed himself with ocean telegrams, cable currents, and electrical indications.

A NEUTRAL VIEW OF POLITICS.—Taking, as THE POST does, no part in politics, we may still be allowed, now that the election is over, to say to the conventions of both parties, in and around Philadelphia, that they have no little to be ashamed of, in the character of some of their recent nominations. If many of those nominations were not notoriously "unfit to be made," then the opinions of the best men of all parties are not worth a groat. How these nominations sometimes get to be made, the public may be allowed to conjecture. In one instance, it is said, and by pretty good authority, that a nominee for Congress spent $2,000 in obtaining his nomination. In another district, an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination told us that one of "his delegates" was significantly asked by a friend of another, "whether he would not like to make some two or three hundred dollars?" And really, seeing how, in several instances, unworthy candidates were chosen to the exclusion of much better men, and men who would "run" better, it is hard to conceive that mercenary motives had not often their pernicious weight in the conventions.

We hope that, in the next canvass, both parties will select their best men—and then, whichever succeeds, the community at large will have the satisfaction of knowing that men of comparative integrity and honesty are at the head of affairs. We say we *hope* this—but it is almost hoping against hope, for the tendency of things in this respect is rather from bad to worse with every succeeding election.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC DRAWING OF TEETH.—This mode of drawing teeth is said to be superseding the use of chloroform, as being equally painless and less dangerous. It is an American discovery. Any kind of electro-magnetic battery will answer that will produce a smart vibratory motion in the hands and arms. The patient grasps in one hand a hollow metallic handle attached to one end of the poles of the battery, the other pole is attached to the extracting instrument by means of a thin copper wire, which can be twisted and untwisted *instanter*, and by wearing a nicely fitting silk glove the operator is perfectly insulated.

If Mr. Snape, dentist to the Chester (Eng.) Infirmary may be trusted, however, the current should not be applied to a tooth with an abscess at the root, to a loose tooth, or to fangs imbedded in spongy gums, as the pain in such cases appears to be increased. This would rule out no small number of cases.

"FARM LIFE."—We call attention to the remarks of a Farmer on the Atlantic Monthly's article on "Farm Life," recently published in THE POST. The remarks in question are well reasoned, and worthy of consideration. The question is a deeply interesting one, and it would be well to strive for broadness of views upon it—by accepting everything that is said upon the subject that is evidently true, no matter who says it, and whether it be apparently consistent or not with something else that seems equally true. "Farm Life," of all the lives which men lead, it seems to us, should be considered in no narrow or prejudiced spirit.

☞ GRACE GREENWOOD's letter, this week, will be found on the third page.

New Publications.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIME, WITH OTHER PAPERS, by CHARLES KINGSLEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is a volume of miscellanies, collected from various British Reviews, and exhibits all the characteristic excellencies and defects of this manly writer. The defects we will not point out here, trusting to the acumen of our readers to discover them in the volume. "Plays and Puritans," "North Devon," "My Winter Garden," and some other articles, are in Kingsley's worthiest strain, while the lectures on "Alexandria and her Schools" show the minuteness and extent of his knowledge of a period which he has so splendidly illustrated in "Hypatia." The paper on Sir Walter Raleigh is a noble, and, so far as it goes, an effectual attempt to clear the fame of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the great Elizabethan men—a man, indeed, to whom not England and America only, but mankind, could the whole truth be known, owe a deep debt of gratitude and honor. Kingsley's essay, despite its offensive moralism, and a certain hardness and narrowness of thought and tone, does him justice in outline, and is the best sketch we know of his magnificent and mournful career. It is to be regretted, however, that to the most mysterious and important point in Raleigh's history—the founding of the traditional "office of address"—"Raleigh's School"—that

"little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art"—

no inquiry is devoted, the subject being dismissed in a single line. And yet the nature, objects, and operations of that association, could they be made manifest, would probably furnish the key not only to the life of Raleigh, but of many of the leading Elizabethan men.

THE TALISMAN, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields,) has always been to us one of the most fascinating of the Waverley Novels. It forms here, with the short tales of "The Two Drovers," "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Tapestried Chamber," and "The Laird's Jock," two volumes of the beautiful household edition of Sir Walter Scott's stories, which we have so frequently commended.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the Summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung,
When we were together young.

—*George William Curtis.*

☞ An Indiana paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds:—"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c. &c. &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c. &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES FROM MARY HOWITT;

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

Our readers' and the public's old and approved friend has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of "*MY LAST CRUISE*," as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c. &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC, and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c. &c. &c.

TERMS (Cash in advance)—Single Copy $2 a year.

4 COPIES,.....$5.00 a year.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,).....10.00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,).....15.00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,).....20.00 "

The Postage on the POST to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ SAMPLE NUMBERS SENT GRATIS TO ANY ONE, WHEN REQUESTED. ☜

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is a family newspaper that we can always recommend to our subscribers, as one eminently suitable for home consumption. It is an old established paper, and has been for many years the leading favorite among all classes of readers. It is a high-toned literary paper, inculcating the purest morals, soundest maxims, and most correct principles. It is like good wine, that improves with age. Every year some new feature is added to its former attractions. It has now reached such a degree of perfection that *it would seem almost impossible* to advance further.—*Wabash (Ind.) Gazette.*

THE POST, besides being an excellent family paper, full of choice reading, wit, humor, and burlesque, devotes also a goodly share of its pages to agricultural interests. It numbers among its contributors some of the best writers of the day, and we cannot do the farmer a greater service than by recommending for his perusal the Saturday Evening Post.—*Bancroft (Minnesota) Pioneer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This staunch Philadelphia weekly makes its appearance on our table regularly at the appointed time. We can recommend the POST as a good family paper, and persons wishing to take a good Eastern family paper, cannot do better than subscribe for the POST.—*Virginia Messenger.*

☞ The agricultural hints, the useful receipts, and the financial news published in the POST, are worth, in themselves, to every farmer or planter, ten times the price of subscription.—*Allegan (Mich.) Record.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of the oldest and best literary papers in America. It has withstood the mutations of more than a third of a century, and survived many competitors for public favor, which have sprung up around it, some of them being heralded with a great flourish of trumpets. It is a paper always suited to the home-circle, where it may not only be read without fear of offence, but with profit and pleasure.—*Message Bird, Waynesville, Ohio.*

☞ To those of our subscribers who want a good family newspaper, we say subscribe for the Post.—*The Sentinel, Rockville, Md.*

☞ We published in recent numbers of the Courier, the prospectus of the Philadelphia Saturday Post. It is one of the best literary papers in the Union, and it well deserves the large circulation it enjoys throughout the West and South.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

THE POST is, in fact, a paper for the million.—The merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer and the man of leisure, will all find amusement and instruction in its columns. And the low price at which it is furnished, enables all to take and pay for it.—*Commercial Reporter, Pittsburg, Pa.*

☞ We have been in weekly receipt of the POST the past year, and we believe have never missed a number. It is prompt and regular, and stands foremost on the list of papers of that kind. It is now in the 37th volume, and hence its entire reliability. People should not pay their money for new papers in these "panic" days, unless it be in cases where the proprietors are well known to be responsible.—*Weekly (Freeport, Ill.) Journal.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, is one of the few literary papers in this country, that are good for anything. The *Post* is a really valuable paper, edited with care and industry, and affording a large amount of valuable reading at a low price. It is afforded for $2 a year, in advance. We send the *Post* and *Register* both one year for $3.—*Whitewater (Wisconsin) Register.*

A MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER COMBINED.—Such is THE POST—and those wishing to study economy, cannot do better than subscribe for it, and save the price of a magazine. If you subscribe for a magazine you have no news—if for a mere newspaper, no literary matter—but in subscribing for the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, you get a reasonable supply of both.—*Republican, Monongahela City, Pa.*

☞ We have been a constant reader of the POST ever since we were a small boy, and can, with truth, say that we do not believe it can be excelled by any other literary paper in the Union.—*The Journal, St. Joseph, Mo.*

☞ It is undoubtedly the best and most reliable newspaper of the kind published in the Union. We know this is saying a great deal for an Eastern paper, but when we think a thing we always speak out.—*Delphi (Ind.) Journal.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—If we were honestly asked which, in our estimation, was the best family newspaper published at the North, we should unhesitatingly point to the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, as infinitely the most instructive and interesting, while it is the largest and cheapest.—*The Sentinel, Plaquemine, La.*

ARTIFICIAL COAL.—A curious communication by M. Baroulier has been sent into the French Academy of Science, describing a method for obtaining a substance possessing all the properties of coal. It is a fact generally admitted by geologists, that coal is the result of carbonization of vegetable matter by heat, under a strong pressure, and under circumstances calculated to impede the escape of their volatile ingredients. M. Baroulier proceeds in a similar manner; he envelopes vegetable matter in a wet clay, and exposes it for a considerable length of time to a great pressure, and to a heat of between 200 and 300 degrees centigrade (or the melting points of tin and bismuth nearly.) Various kinds of sawdust subjected to this treatment, yielded different substances, possessing more or less the resinous lustre and color of coal, and burning with a bright flame.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

LEATHER.—Two pairs of shoes were lately made by a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, to fill an order for a Southern plantation. They are intended for a slave, who is also an overseer, and measure 19½ inches in length, with a corresponding width.

MORPHY AHEAD.—It appears that Mr. Morphy has won so far five games to Mr. Harwitz's two, and that the latter had asked a short recess. The winner is he who wins the first seven games.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 154—Adults 76, and children 78.

THERE is a lady in Peoria, Illinois, who in twenty-one years has been married three times. On each occasion of her marriage she was united to a man younger than herself, and the last time to one who was twenty-three years her junior. She lived happy with the first, unhappy with the second, but prefers the last. At the age of twenty she was wedded to a man aged nineteen, with whom she lived six years. At the age of thirty she married a man of twenty, with whom she lived only two years. After a lapse of nearly nine years of "single blessedness," at the end of which time she was forty-one years old, she married again, and, in this instance, capped the climax, the man she married being only eighteen years old, her present husband, with whom she has lived very happily for two years.

COOL RASCALITY.—In Cincinnati, a few days since, two sharpers accosted a countryman, stopping at one of the hotels, and stating that they were "detectives," declared that he was suspected of dealing in counterfeit money. The ruralist asserted his entire innocence; but they said that they would search him, and took him into a private room, when they found $108 in good money. One went to consult a Detector concerning the bank notes, and remained away so long that his companion also started in search of the delayer. Of course, neither returned, and the unsophistical fellow learned too late that he was victimized.

☞ CELESTIAL ANOMALY.—The Comet rejoices in a tail, which, strangely enough, has been denied to the Dog-star.—*Punch.*